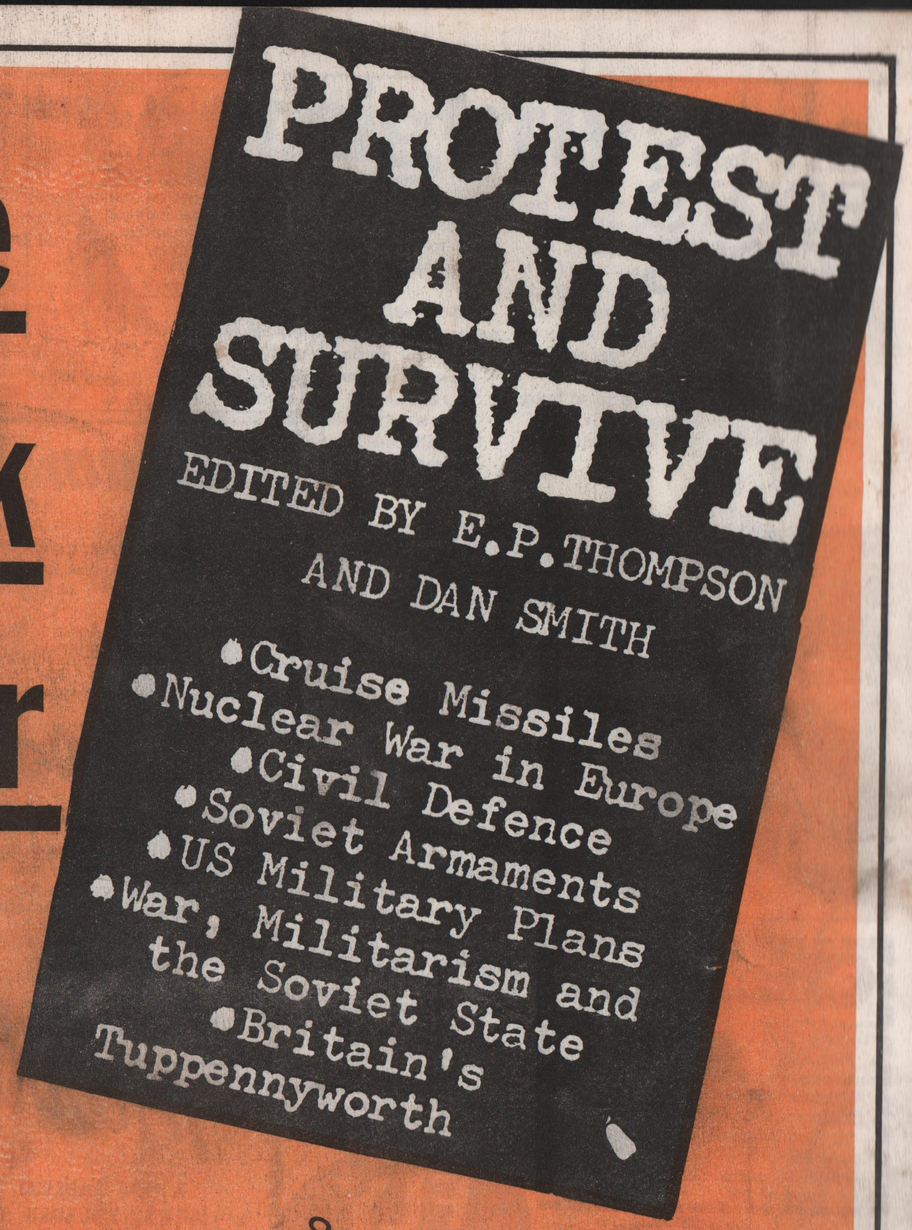
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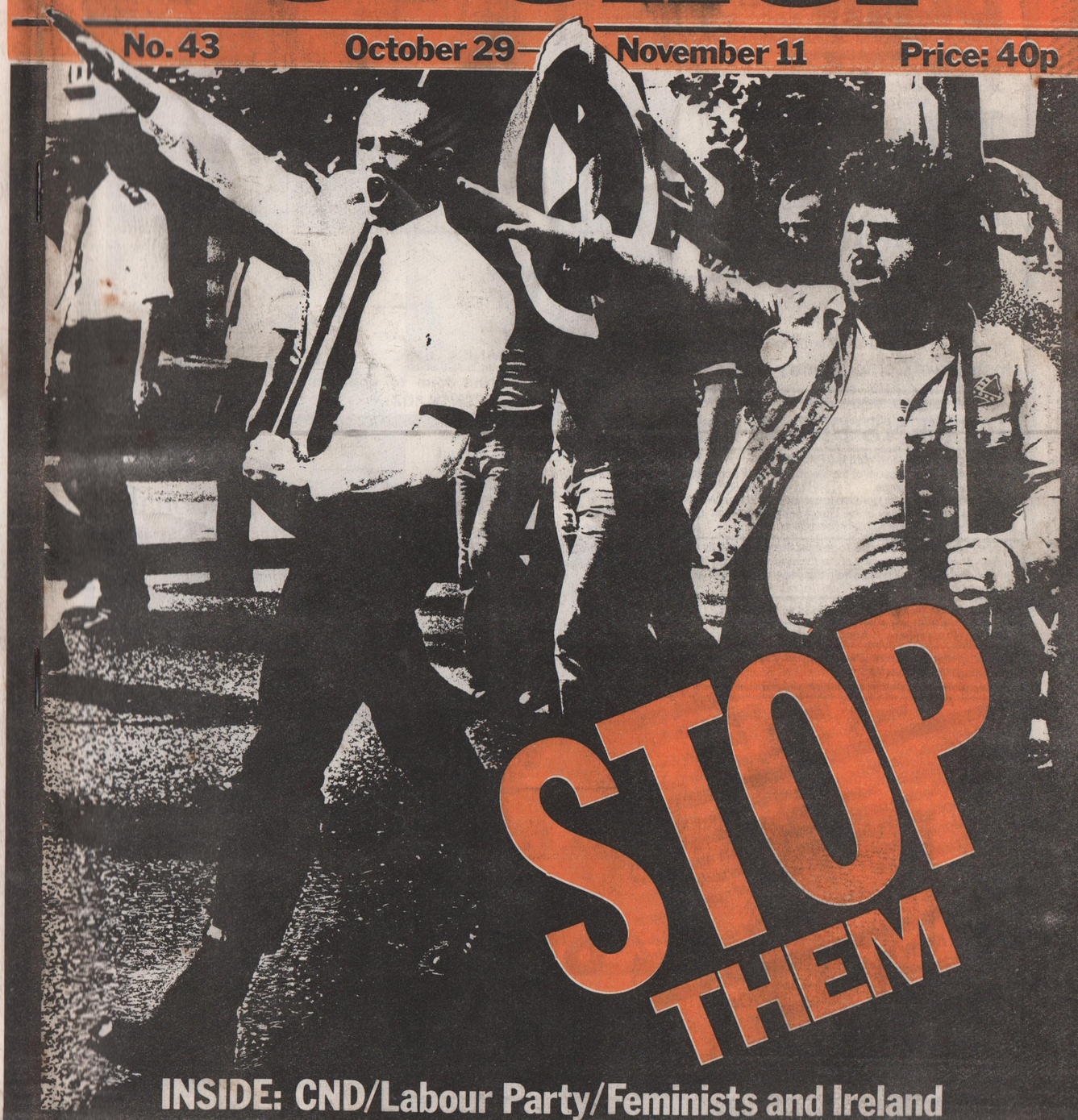
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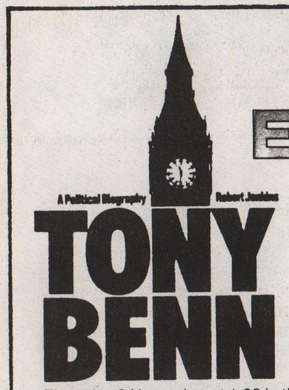
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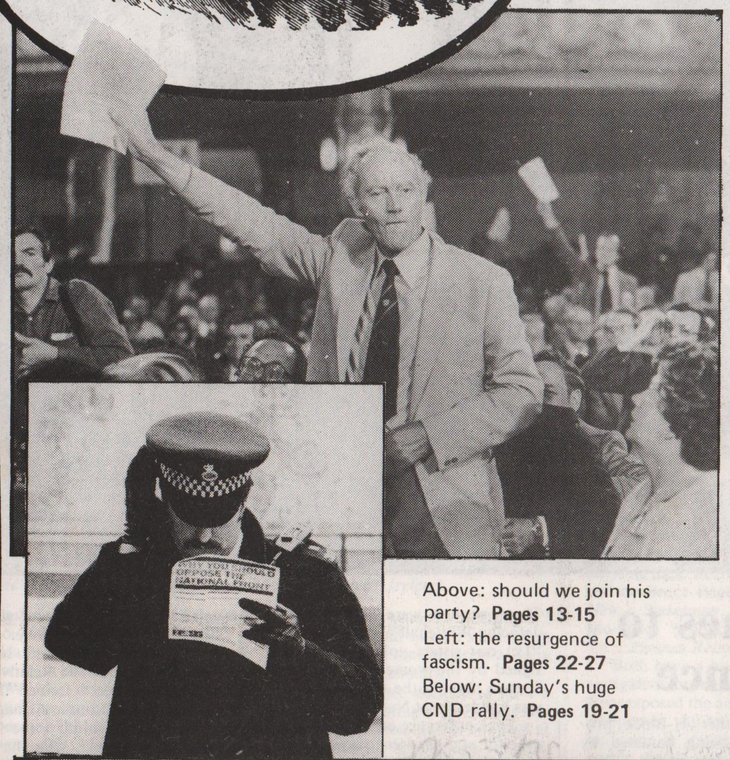
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the Leveller

No 43 Oct 29 to Nov 11 1980



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Cover picture: Mark Rusher

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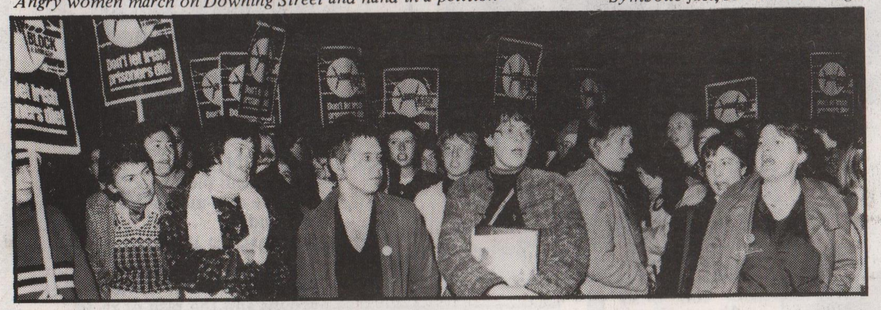


Angry women march on Downing Street and hand in a petition



Symbolic fast, McAllister on right

Pictures by Jeremy Nicholl



Irish struggle comes to Soc-Fem Conference

WOMEN in Ireland was to have been prominent in the discussion of Women and Imperialism at the Socialist Feminist Women's Conference in London at the weekend, but the intervention of the state in arresting two Irish women who were to address the conference, as they arrived at Heathrow on Friday night, made Ireland the focus of the conference.

Máire O'Hare and Anne Boyle were among a group of women travelling to the conference from Belfast. They were picked up under the Prevention of Terrorism Act and information on their whereabouts withheld. Three of the women they came with began a protest fast in Downing Street on Saturday. At the same time the first workshops of the two day conference of socialist-feminists were being dominated by feelings that the conference must organise a direct response to the state's provocation.

As pressure built up during Saturday morning and early afternoon, the coordinators called an emergency plenary of the over 1,000 women scattered in almost 40 workshops throughout the William Collins School in North London.

As Irish women rose to address the conference, a few miles away in Whitehall the three fasting women, along with other H-Block protestors, were being harassed by police. An immediate 'reinforcement' of twenty women went to back the fast and then the Irish women were met with what they described as "overwhelming solidarity" in the form of proposals for direct action.

This eagerness was tempered when the Irish women who had managed to get to the conference explained how important it was to them to continue with the workshop and put forward their case. A mass demonstration to back up the picket and demand the release of the women was called for Saturday evening, and around 500 women turned out.

The Downing Street demonstration marched to Rochester Row police station at Victoria, where the women were believed to be held (later confirmed). The police locked the station doors and refused to talk. After some time they did offer to allow a small delegation in, if we behaved ourselves. This was turned down.

There were some scuffles, and one policewoman, WPC 963, was heard to say: "The Irish are all barbaric." The demo made its way loudly back to the picket and blanket protest at Downing Street.

Three women were arrested for defacing Whitehall with graffiti.... "Let our sisters go". A petition signed by the women of the conference making the same demand was handed in at Number 10.

The conference organised for a solicitor and barriser to act for the women and on Sunday morning Máire O'Hare was released. A writ of *habeas corpus* filed on behalf of Anne Boyle was deferred at a judges hearing on Sunday because the police did not turn up to present their case. Ann Boyle is being held under sections 5 and 10 of the PTA.

A statement overwhelmingly endorsed by the women at the conference, deplored the use of the PTA against these sisters "and against the whole Irish community in Britain in furtherance of the war against the Irish people's struggle for self determination".

The workshop in Ireland was expected to draw probably a hundred or more women. The arrests turned the workshop into a mass meeting as what looked like most of the conference tried to pile into the hall where it was being held, and packed the corridor outside.

As always in discussions on Ireland, media censorship meant that our need for information as well as for debate were always jostling for priority in the discussion. How many English feminists realise that one feminist republican has been assassinated in the last two months and that another, Suzanne Bunting, is critically ill in a Belfast hospital from gunshot wounds? How many know of the

Ginny Hamilton, a member of Belfast Women Against Imperialism (WAI) and the Relatives Action Committee, described the deteriorating conditions in Armagh Jail where since February, the 30 women 'protest' prisoners have been locked up 23 hours a day and denied washing and toilet facilities unless they accept the British Government's definition of them as criminals. Ginny argued that socialist feminists should campaign on a humanitarian basis for the demands of the Armagh and H-Block prisoners, pointing out that prior to March 1976 even the British Government recognised that the republican prisoners are political and conceded them 'special category' status.

Ginny dwelt especially on the treatment of Pauline McLoughlin who is desperately ill in a Belfast hospital. For two years she continued 'on protest' with an undiagnosed stomach complaint that made her unable to keep down any food. She now weighs only 4½ stone, she has lost all her teeth because of calcium deficiency, and can't move out of a wheelchair. Last week a consultant told her relatives that she has only two months to live unless she is given proper treatment.

Marie Mulholland, of Belfast WAI and Provisional Sinn Fein, warned that the women in Armagh have been restrained up until now from joining the hunger strike only by the arguments of women on the outside who fear that their health is so bad that there would soon be deaths. If Pauline dies, a hunger strike in Armagh seems inevitable. "We must organise around Pauline and the hunger strike of the men because that's the best way to prevent any hunger strike in Armagh."

The huge interest in the workshop clearly reflected the increasing debate within the women's movement on whether Armagh, and Ireland generally, is a feminist issue. Large numbers and limited time meant that the workshop had little chance for discussion. Afterwards, some women not actively involved in campaigning on Ireland, said they felt further discussion would be needed to convince more women that British withdrawal would be the biggest single boost for the cause of women's liberation in Ireland as a whole.

But there was overwhelming agreement when Ann Speed from Dublin, a member of the CAP (Contraception Action Programme) said: "The task for women in this country is to do something about the thing you *can* do something about and *that* means getting the British army off our streets.

"Women in Ireland are very involved politically, even though they suffer oppressive laws both under British rule in the north, and the Haughey Government in the south. Irish anti-imperialist feminists must decide their own priorities in fighting for women's liberation," she said, " and women's liberation can make no real progress as long as partition remains."

The conference decided to have a call-back meeting in five weeks and to view the resolutions adopted at the weekend as a gauge for this, and for a special edition of Scarlet Women.

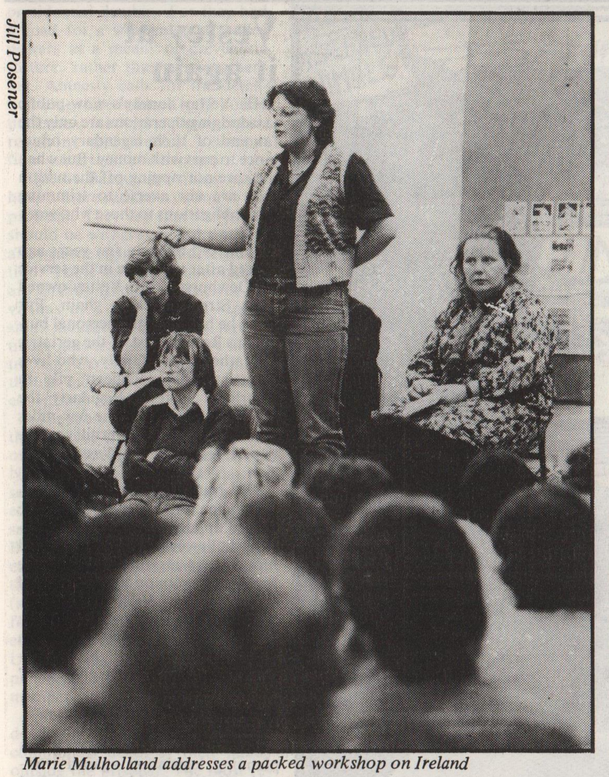
Among the resolutions adopted were: the setting up of a regional network to spread information on anti-imperialist issues and to consolidate activities; that regional meetings should be organised on Ireland by socialist feminists; and that the conference gives its support to a national campaign on political status for prisoners in Northern Ireland, focusing on Pauline McLoughlin. (This is being organised by the London Armagh Coordinating Group, c/o the Women's Place, William IV Street, London WC2.)

Further resolutions covered struggles in Chile, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Bolivia, and the debate on New Technology.

The call-back meetings are scheduled for 6 December, in London and Manchester. The London meeting will be at 2pm at St. Matthew's Crypt, Brixton, London SW9. Details of the Manchester meeting will be circulated and publicised later.

Pat Harper
Pat Murray Jill Simpson

● **Former Armagh prisoner Rose McAllister was herself held under the PTA at Heathrow when she tried to fly home on Sunday**



Jill Posener

Marie Mulholland addresses a packed workshop on Ireland

Bruce Page's own goal

COMPANY bosses and PRS — not to mention Defence Secretary Francis Pym — could do worse than spend Tuesday November 18 at a one-day conference called "Dealing with the Media: Know Your Legal Rights".

There (at Quaglino's Hotel in London's West End) they will learn "how to protect your company against 'moles', investigative journalists and abuses by the Press, Radio and Television".

Publicity for the conference, organised by Oyez International Business Communications Ltd, reminds bosses with something to hide — and who hasn't? — of the British Steel Corporation Granada TV case, where the courts "insisted that where the media behave irresponsibly they forfeit their normal right to protect their source of information".

It goes on: "There have been increasing demands for get-tough attitudes to the Press.... The seminar will provide you with an invaluable opportunity to raise your own particular apprehensions with a panel of senior libel lawyers as well as with members of the press themselves."

The advice should be good. Among the members of the press advising these worried businessmen will be Bruce Page, editor of the *New Statesman*, and Julian Mounter, producer of Thames TV's *Thames Report*.

Both have a background in investigative journalism. Their staffs have exposed the activities of many companies. Julian Mounter made his name in journalism by taking part in the pioneering investigation into police corruption launched (but soon stopped) by *The Times* ten years ago.

And Bruce Page ... well, the *Statesman's* current reputation as a radical paper rests even more on probes of the security and telecommunications businesses by Duncan Campbell, and of the City by Christopher Hird, than on Page's obscure editorials.

Bruce Page told *The Leveller*: "Why on earth shouldn't I go? I'm not going to tell them any trade secrets; in fact I'll probably upset them with what I say.

"If anything it's the organisers who've made fools of themselves by inviting me along. I'll just be telling them the way to handle the press is talk to and co-operate with them.

"It might sound arrogant, but I believe we're cleverer than they are, so they won't get anything out of me. But one reason I'm going is to get something out of them — that's where our stories come from."

Chairing the conference will be Ian Coulter, former chief PR of the Steel Corporation, which instigated the proceedings against Granada TV following the leak of the 'Steel Papers' during the strike.

Most other speakers are lawyers, including Michael Zander, legal correspondent of *The Guardian*, and Alex Lyon MP.

Zander is speaking on how to catch 'moles'. "Can you forbid your employees talking to the press? Forcing journalists to reveal their information. How to control confidential documents and breaches of confidentiality." Lyon on "the need for stricter rules on privacy and intrusion" to protect companies.

One of the favourite phrases in Page's editorial cliche book is "own goal". It is used to embarrass institutions found out in some horrendous blunder. And here we have the *New Statesman* captain letting one in, while strikers Campbell, Hird and others are sweating to score at the other end.

Tim Gopsill

Cell plea

REMAND prisoners being held for 23 hours a day in police station cells don't know how lucky they are. *The Leveller* has a letter from Kim Hibberd, a 26-year-old corporal from Gloucester in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. Hibberd was sentenced to five years imprisonment and discharged in disgrace by a court martial on charges of rape and dope possession (which he challenges) in August. He's currently being held in the guardroom at the RWF barracks in Lemgo, West Germany, pending removal to a UK nick. He writes of his conditions:

Can you please let someone of authority know what's going on here.... I refused to lay out my army kit on my bed as it is all packed and ready to hand in, my punishment for that is as follows, from 0600 in the morning till 9.45 in the evening I have no bedding whatsoever, I have nothing at all in my cell so I have to stand all the time, I have no heating in my cell at all, and at the moment it is bloody cold to say the least, I am also locked up continuously for 24 hours a day. What I am doing now by writing this letter god knows what sort of punishment I will get if I am caught. I can't write much more as I am too cold.

Parasites

WEST YORKSHIRE Independent Hospitals Ltd intend to build a 45-bed hospital between Bradford and Bingley. It's thought to be the first time in Britain that a private hospital has been financed by a share issue. The company, which is controlled by a group of doctors from the Bradford area, has already acquired a site, and planning permission has been given. They hope to admit their first patients in July 1982.

The company has ten directors. The chairperson is an accountant, the board includes the company solicitor and a local industrialist. The other seven directors are all doctors who work for the National Health Service at Bradford General

Roger Morton

Hospital or Airedale Royal Infirmary.

The hospital will cost £3.3m to build. Half of this is to come from share issues of different kinds, mostly to institutions and private individuals. But £318,000 is being raised through 'Founders shares', which can only be bought by doctors and company employees. As the company says, they "are confident that those consultants and GPs in the Bradford area who have committed over £300,000 to an investment in the company *will normally expect to refer their private patients to the hospitals*".

The rest of the cash is to come from Barclays Bank, the Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation, and from leasing equipment.

Unsurprisingly, the hospital will provide those services which bring in the money. In addition to a lucrative range of medical and surgical specialties, they plan a health screening clinic and a sports injury clinic — with physiotherapy thrown in. A separate pathology laboratory is to be made available to other private hospitals and to local industry.

Profits, they predict, will be large. Within five years of opening, assuming that 70% of the beds are filled — if anything a cautious estimate — they expect to make nearly a million pounds a year pre-tax profit. On an estimated revenue of £3m, the return is well above the average for British companies.

There's only one cloud on this horizon. Bradford Trades Council have backed a request that the building of the hospital should be blacked. The directors comment that they "do not know whether this opposition will continue, but they believe it will not affect the prospects for the company."



● **As an alternative to the male images of women with which we are constantly bombarded, the ICA exhibition, Women's Images of Men, goes on tour next week. Men will probably find some of the paintings, sculptures and photographs pretty disturbing, but then that's hardly surprising. The tour dates are: Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol, Nov 8-Jan 3; South Hill Park, Bracknell, Jan-Feb; Bluecoat Gallery, Liverpool, March 7-28; Third Eye Centre, Glasgow, May.**

Well set up

ON SATURDAY October 11th the second meeting of the National Housing Liaison Committee took place in Birmingham. 60 people from the North East, South Wales, Coventry, Birmingham, London, Liverpool, Nottingham and Bristol discussed the next steps in fighting the housing disaster.

N.H.L.C. is an attempt to learn some of the bitter lessons: the isolation of housing struggles, by geography, by type of issue, by tenure, by sex, by socialist priority. The need for a national political presence instead of a charitable one; the retreat on almost all fronts by Labour Government and party; and distance between 'community professionals' and victims. The conference was composed largely of council tenants and community activists (half of whom were women and working class) and it is this mixture that gives some of us the keenest interest and hope. It provides the moments of unease — "It's all over my head" "What's UCATT?" "What the hell does 'critique' mean? — and the breakthroughs, South Wales tenants in full cry against the Labour party. "Why should we join their demos, they've done nothing for us and can't do anything ... let them join ours ..."

The search is for local tactics that keep campaigns going. "There're hundreds on our estate but it's down to six of us to do anything ..." and to accumulate a national presence that begins to act on our political and economic puppet masters. The aim is to build up, and on, strong local activity not create a pressure group bureaucracy that removes the active people and makes them administrators.

Plans include: a national petition (to unite our scattered forces not to become abject petitioners); a national day of action in the spring to follow on the successful October 1st demos coordinated in London, Cardiff, Newcastle and Nottingham; a contingent on the Labour-TUC Liverpool rally at the end of November (attacking Tory *and* Labour's housing record); a newsletter/newspaper; and throughout a commitment to find the words and ideas that will make us a working class organisation. The militancy and effectiveness of some of the tenants and residents' campaigns is what we have to learn from. They stand out against the record of the community professionals. It is not easy because of the old assumption that we do the teaching. The lesson is that we haven't been very good at what we do have to teach and very blind indeed about what we have to learn.

N.H.L.C. c/o Bob Dumbleton, 35 Deri Road, Penylan, Cardiff.

Vestey at it again

THE Vestey family's now-public tax-dodging operations are only the fat end of their legendary reluctance to part with money. But when they are not ripping off the nation they are not averse to trimming their obligations to those who work for them.

One old fellow a few years ago retired after a lifetime in the service of Dewhursts, the Vestey-owned High Street butchery chain. For years he had been the personal butcher to Ronald Vestey, the geriatric godfather of the family, who lives in a spendid Jacobean pile in Thurlow, Suffolk. Regularly the butcher would drive the few miles from his shop in Haverhill to take choice joints to the Vestey mansion.

So grateful was the old tycoon, that when the butcher retired he turned up at the shop in his chauffeured limousine and presented him with an inscribed platter. The local press were on hand to record this moment of Vestey generosity. A reporter asked the butcher: "What kind of a pension are you getting?" "Nothing," he shrugged. "Just what the state gives me."

Terror laws

SPAIN'S NEW "democracy" is planning legislation against "terrorism" that would have satisfied Franco. The announcement came only three days after an Amnesty International report confirmed that there were cases of torture in Spanish prisons.

The present laws, passed by the right-wing UCD government in November 1978, give the police powers to hold suspects for ten days without even acknowledging their detention. Detainees remain completely "incommunicado" without access to solicitors or anyone else. The other main plank of the legislation is the ban on "apologies for terrorism" — which can even mean posters announcing protest meetings over prison conditions.

But the new law plans to widen further the definition of terrorist acts from shootings, bombings, kidnappings, possession of explosives, etc., to actions "which aim to cut or paralyze essential public services." All detainees under this legislation (and no judicial warrants will be needed for arrests) will have several rights suspended — to be brought before a judge within 72 hours to the inviolability of their homes, mail and phone calls. Letter opening and phone tapping will be allowed for anyone who the Minister of the Interior decides is related to a terrorist group.

The Amnesty International report given to the Spanish government in September and due to be published in full later this year has obviously been consigned to the

presidential dustbin. For they had argued for a weakening of police powers as a means of preventing torture, rather than a strengthening. Amnesty calls for the detention time to be reduced to 72 hours, presence of lawyers during interrogations and medical examinations on arrival and departure.

In the Basque provinces many have a more radical solution to the problem. They say that the police should be withdrawn and Euskadi allowed the right to self determination. These left wing nationalists are already finding themselves the victims of a new wave of repression. October's detention figures under anti-terrorist laws are likely to top the one hundred mark though most are likely to be released without charges.

The most notable detention was that of Jose Urbiola vice-president of the provincial parliament of Navarra. He guested for 45 days in several prisons before being released without charges after allegedly saying that his party Harri Batasuna (which receives 20 per cent of the votes) agreed fully with the strategy and tactics of ETA (militar). The remark, an "apology for terrorism", was made at a closed meeting of the parlemento and Urbiola was "shopped" by the president, a socialist party member.

Very occasionally there are deaths in police custody (more common is death at their hands outside the prisons). The most recent was a member of an armed group GRAPO, a man in his twenties, who suffered a "heart attack", so the death certificate said. There was no public inquest to challenge the official version.

Nigel Brown

Rich lessons

AMERICAN POET, scholar and literary critic, Adrienne Rich has just completed a lecture tour here to promote her new book, On Lies, Secrets and Silence, published by Virago.

A lesbian feminist, she is passionately committed to "asking women's questions, demanding a world in which the integrity of all women — not a chosen few — shall be honored and validated in every aspect of culture", to working towards the day when women will no longer write with a father/male judge in mind.

In her new book she writes about the problems facing women in education, in motherhood, about racism in the feminist movement, about the necessity of really feeling for the oppressed instead of glossing it over with an appropriate political word.

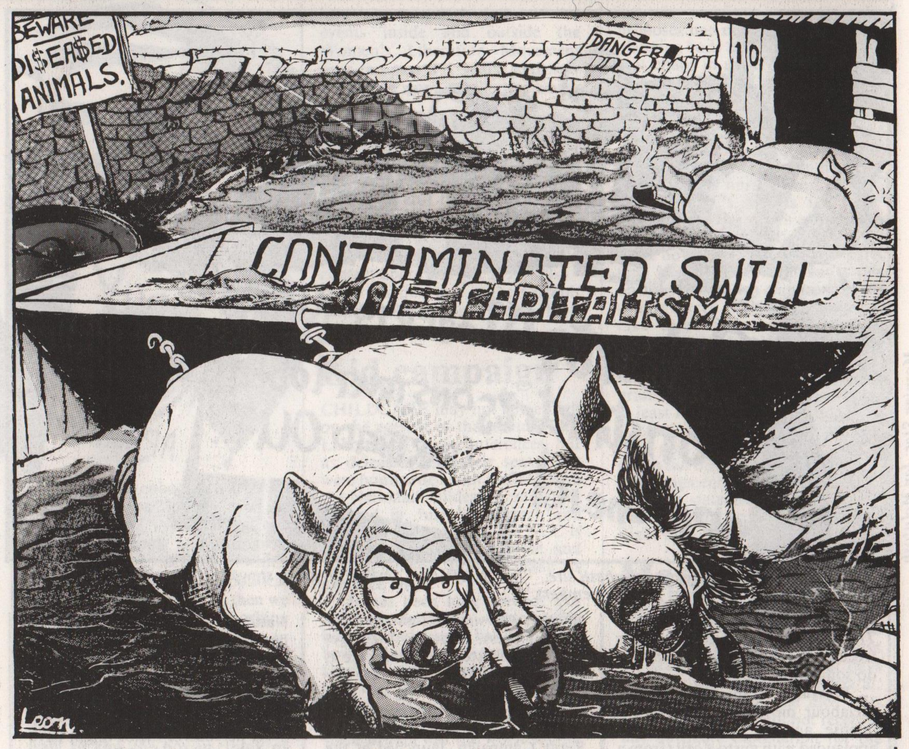
It is the most formidable indictment of patriarchy I've read for some time but it was written with another aim in mind. Fighting patriarchy is a negative male-centred activity. Adrienne Rich wants women to direct their positive energies into women's work — a side effect of which might well be withdrawal of energy from men's projects.

In her talk at the ICA on October 16th she attacked the idea of 'The Universal' in art as an idea which has always been white, male and predominantly middle class but the first two questions from the floor brought men back into the picture. Shall we develop a feminist criticism of men's images of women, for example. Adrienne said politely that that wasn't what she was interested in. For lesbian feminists like Adrienne there is no hindrance to putting all their energies into work with women. But some of us, even though we know that working with men, having sex with men, is fraught with dangers for our minds and bodies, find that we need, or feel that we need, to do just that. I guess this author's message is that to help and support one another is the only way to sort it out.

Chris Stretch



Adrienne Rich



Foot-and-Mouth

Fragments now

IN THE FACE of the sneers and smears of the Leninists, and its own low level of national coordination, the Beyond the Fragments movement is continuing to develop beyond the day event held in Leeds on August 30 (see last issue).

One of the objects of the organisers was always to put people in the same regions in contact; they could then get it going in their areas.

Within six weeks of the day event, three local meetings had been set up by people who'd been at Leeds, attended by many who weren't. These meetings, in York, Birmingham and Bristol, attracted people from all kinds of left groups.

They were a start; from them could come the kind of co-operation the movement intends: the building of socialist forums and centres, the drawing of more people into all kinds of socialist activity, the mutual support of comrades in different campaigns.

A new boost to local co-ordination will come from a planning conference to be held in London November 15. The original group of organisers, and others who gave their names at Leeds, will be drawing together information from the regions and mapping out the next steps. Some time next year there will be another national event. What kind? That's to be discussed.

And a report on the day event is being produced, with reports of its component parts, pictures and press cuttings.

Anyone who's got reports or comments to deliver on workshops they were in, or anything else on the day, or nice pictures, please send them to *Leveller* office, where we're collecting them.

The *Leveller* has also agreed to run reports of local or regional meetings set up between the various Fragments. Send them in!

Press action

ACTION against the press is getting urgent. And the people in the belly of the beast, militants in the media unions, are starting to get it on.

On Saturday there is to be a national conference of the Left in the National Union of Journalists, to discuss, not just the wave of closures facing the print, but putting into effect policies for hitting back at media bias and distortion.

For leaders of media unions are now finding that a particularly persistent nightmare is beginning to nag their waking hours: that after



Morning Star: Ian McIntosh

Picket outside Roberts' giant Lambeth site. "South African?" asked the shop steward, "I couldn't care less if they pay good wages for my members."

years of fine speeches and letters to *The Guardian* on "press freedom", they're going to have to do something about it.

Pressure from the rest of thelabour movement is becoming intense, and the TUC in Brighton applauded with gusto a call (from a rank and file NUJ delegate, Aidan White) for industrial action to enforce the right of reply to parties aggrieved by media coverage.

This speech itself has been the cause of a major row within the NUJ, with the horror-struck President and General Secretary (Francis Beckett and Ken Ashton) desperate to disown and undermine its message.

The kind of policies militants have in mind are to help Trades Councils and other local bodies to set up committees to monitor press attacks, and from there to organise protests, pickets and, if need be, occupations, till replies are granted. Union chapels inside would support them, and attempt by their own actions to stop material hostile to working people or their organisations getting into print in the first place.

Newspaper closures also present print trade unionists with a challenge: few would weep over the end of the reactionary London *Evening News*, or for that matter *The Times*, as papers. So fighting closures means fighting for alternatives. *Not* looking to such sharks as Rupert Murdoch or Robert Maxwell, but rolling their own.

Setting up alternative media, and fighting for the right of reply for parties aggrieved by media coverage, is also the brief of the Campaign for Press Freedom, which, though set up last year as a front for print union bosses (see *Leveller* 29, 30), is itself being pushed into action. It was unfortunate for the CFP that it attracted activists who want to fight the commercial press. Some of them got elected to the steering committee at the AGM earlier this year — despite attempts to fix the vote against them. And they have pressed for the setting up of a Right of Reply Campaign, launched at the TUC.

Tim Gopsill

Apartheid ban

LAMBETH COUNCIL has a new standing order. It says that South African based companies will not be able to tender for contracts. Naturally the Labour group has had a long and tortuous debate about whether debarring any company is legal, and whether the district auditor will be over zealous in his protection of the ratepayer.

A persuasive factor might have been the picket of a Lambeth construction site organised a few weeks ago by Lambeth's Anti-Apartheid group. The site is one of several in Lambeth being built by Sough African owned Roberts Construction. *Leveller* readers may remember that this company, a subsidiary of South Africa's largest contractor, Murray & Roberts, crept into the UK market a few years back by successfully concealing its South African origins (almost successfully, anyway, see *Leveller* 29). Ann Pettifor, who organised the picket, has been pressuring Lambeth's Labour group since the exposé to make sure no new contracts are let.

Roberts is active in other London boroughs and she hopes to organise some joint action with local Labour parties including Wandsworth and Wimbledon. But since the company is somewhat shy of publicity one problem has been identifying where they work.

For the record Murray & Roberts has just announced a healthy increase in profits ... £19m compared with last year's £14.5m.



"Rare and exotic delicacies harvested by slave labour in barbaric working conditions, imported at prohibitive cost to satisfy jaded sensibilities and prepared by grossly exploited menials to be served by cowed underlings. This place is really CIVILIZED."

Millettante

WOMEN might sometimes attain positions as administrators and directors in the arts, but rarely do they perceive themselves as powerful; indeed, any illusion of power is often whisked away from under their feet.

This was the conclusion of women at the Women and Creativity Conference on October 12. So what happened to the creativity of women?

Do male structures attempt to shut them out, or when they break through, are there attempts to incorporate and placate them? How could or should women's particular methods of work challenge the dominant culture? How does competitiveness within the arts prevent full discussion of common problems? 230 women, and many more who had to be turned away, came to face these questions at the Institute of Contemporary Arts, in London.

First they were treated to a theoretical attempt to grapple with forms of women's creativity, and the way culture steered women towards writing rather than the plastic arts and theatre, although they were permitted into the performing side — as that is traditionally the more passive end of the business. Writing is generally a safer art form.

Women have always channelled creativity through men, children, good works of all kinds. The raw image is something inaccessible to most women. The recent ICA exhibition of women's images of men made me wonder how often do we dare stick the raw material of our oppression straight on the canvas, the stage, whatever?

The most promising planned session was US feminists Kate Millett and Cora Kaplan taking on the question of creativity. Having Kate to speak was a gamble. She is a star, and we know how the women's movement hates stars. As she began to talk, referring to her last visit to England, when she came to plead for the life of Michael X, there was tension in the room, which said, 'Did we come here to talk about this?' But as she went on, an integrated person began to unfold before us, woman, artist, humanitarian, wit and naughty child. A person who searched for the imagery of her own oppression all over the globe and transformed that imagery into a range of fascinating art forms.

The conference provided some hope and impetus for change. As Kate put it in her talk, so many of the elements that go towards the making of the work of art, actually end up as opinions, and not work. Work has been denied women for so long, and we often deny it to ourselves. No longer must dogmatic Marxism, the family, the vacuum cleaner cast us back into our private opinions, our silence.

Sue Beardon



Left images

OVER THE last ten years militants have become increasingly aware of the importance of political struggles around the media and ideology. Strikers slandered, women insulted by sexist images, ethnic minorities caricatured by racist stereotypes, all need to carry their political work onto the cultural front.

The first ever conference of socialist photographers will be held in Leeds the weekend after next. It's been called to build an understanding of photography's role in the machinery of ideology, and to find ways of using it more effectively in the class struggle. The conference will be exploratory, but there is a real need for it.

Despite growing interest and activity, socialist photography faces serious crises. The funding of community photography is under constant threat. The use of photography in the left press is still inadequate and conventional and is no competition for the deluge of visuals churned out by the bourgeois press. Photographic education is minimal, the distribution of images is still monopolised by capital, and all of us suffer from isolation and a lack of resources.

If we, as photographers or socialist workers in any area of culture or ideology, are to get our messages through and dismantle the reactionary ideologies which now oppress us — and our political struggles depend on this — then we shall have to find ways of working together and fighting back in solidarity and with all the resources we've got.

The next time a poster makes you want to burn down the hoarding, or a TV advert makes you want to kick the box in, think of where the power lies. And think about how to struggle against the bourgeois media.

Don Slater

(The Conference will be at: Beechwood College, Elemete Lane, Roundhay, Leeds LS 8 SLQ. November 8-9
Further details from: NCSP, 1, Rosslyn House, Rushcroft Road, London SW2.

Growing Ribs

A 'CENTENARY EXTRAVAGANZA exhibition' opens in London on 30 October to celebrate 100 issues of *Spare Rib*.

The exhibition aims to show how the magazine has covered events inside and outside the Women's Liberation Movement over the past 8½ years, and how the fifteen woman collective works together.

The exhibition stays in London until 8 December; next year it sets off round the country, to schools and women's centres. It can be hired at a cost to cover travelling expenses. Anyone wishing to hire all or part of 'One hundred months of Women's Liberation' should contact Spare Rib (01 253 9792.)

In London it is at the Cockpit Gallery, Princeton Street, Holborn.

Kid campaign

CHILDCARE may not come high on the agenda of the recent TUC, Labour and Tory conferences, but as delegates left their seats they were bombarded with leaflets from the National Childcare Campaign. Formed in July by nursery and childcare campaigners, the NCC is lobbying hard at a national and local level and aims to make its presence felt.

It has been long needed. For there has been local campaigning but the end result has too often been failure or compromise. One feminist said: 'Nursery campaigns are the graveyard of feminist politics'. Even the EEC has made representations to the government, since Britain has the worst service for young children, except for the Republic of Ireland.

The NCC is attempting to link up local campaigners with pressure on government, national organisations and the prevailing ideology that a mother's place is with her child, 24 hours a day, day in, day out.

At the TUC Conference, the NCC lobbied TUC delegates to implement the TUC Charter on Facilities for the Under Fives, which has fine words, but action is sadly lacking.

The NCC is also critical of the split in nursery provision between the DES and the DHSS, the former responsible for nursery schools, the latter for social service nurseries. It proposes one new central strategic planning body to overcome the present chaos in underfives' services. It is highly critical of the National Nursery Education Board (NNEB), the examining board for under fives workers. The same qualification is presumed adequate by the NNEB for both private nannies and inner city nursery workers.

The NCC's aim is for state funded nurseries which are locally democratic. Most women choose to work nowadays, at least on a part time basis. The government is set on cuts, and in this climate women can be forced back to the home to take care of their children and husbands. If the NCC succeed in convincing the Labour Party and the TUC that childcare must be a priority for socialism, they would at least have stemmed the tide.

And just to show they've got their eyes on all of us, the NCC, which ran the creches at the Beyond the Fragments event in August, issued a statement on the inadequacies of the arrangements there. Right on.

Dorothy Jones



Matthew's end

MATTHEW O'HARA, a diabetic for 21 years, was committed to Pentonville Prison for seven days on March 12 this year. Four days later he was rushed to hospital. Some time in May he died. His friends, who have still not received any adequate explanation for the dramatic collapse in his state of health, point to the following facts:

In prison he was given no insulin. The Home Office, in a letter from junior minister Lord Belstead — who took seven weeks to reply to a letter from an MP — says he concealed that he was diabetic. But the Home Office also said at the inquest on August 19 that he had been tested for diabetes, during examination by "two experienced doctors", and the test was negative.

When Matthew was visited in the Royal Northern Hospital on March 18 he said he had been kicked in the stomach by screws; they

had assaulted him when he refused to give his correct name — the reason he had been sentenced for contempt. The Home Office said at the inquest that there was no evidence for the assault, yet there has been no investigation. Sir Harry Boyne, chairperson of the Pentonville Board of Visitors, said in a letter that Matthew had not complained of his treatment. This is untrue; his complaint is a matter of public record.

When first admitted to hospital, medical staff said he must have been vomiting and spitting blood for two days beforehand. He was suffering from acute ketosis acidosis (blood poisoning induced by lack of insulin). He was described as "pale, thin, wasted, lethargic, mentally slow and confused". Friends who visited said they could hardly recognise him.

Matthew discharged himself from hospital the next day. Friends say he thought he was dying and wanted to do so in dignity at home, but he also objected to the method of administering insulin. He was persuaded to stay with friends, but two days later he was again rushed to hospital. He was five weeks in Hackney Hospital, his diabetes complicated by stomach problems, allegedly caused by the kicking. He could not hold food down. But on April 30 he again discharged himself, saying he needed the challenge of looking after his own body. On May 9 he saw his doctor, who has described him as "thin but cheerful". His body was found at home on June 26. He had been dead for several weeks.

At the inquest the doctor and a close friend testified that Matthew had always been very fit and well. The Home Office said he had brought his death on himself, and slandered him by alleging he was insane. They read out only part of the medical report, and have consistently refused to hand out a complete copy.

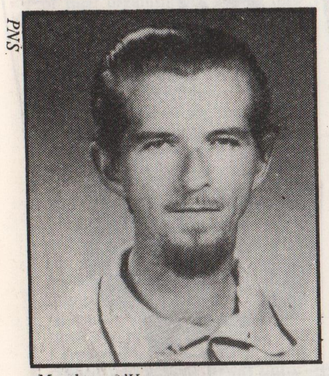
An open verdict was recorded. Matthew's friends want to know why such a fit man, who had always administered his own insulin, shuld come out of prison spitting blood. But they also want to draw out the whole treatment of sick people in prison. The Prison Medical Service is a Home Office, not an NHS operation, and many people die in their "care".

The average age of "natural" deaths in prison is 43, compared with 70 outside. At least four prisoners died in Pentonville last year.

The friends are holding a public meeting on Sunday November 23, at Centerprise, 136 Kingsland High St, Dalston, North London. There will be speakers from Radical Alternatives to Prison, and from PROP, the prisoners' organisation. *PNS*



"And as Her Majesty enters the abbey, I'll hand you have to another psychophantic old bastard who'll work himself into a frenzy delivering an absurd gush of phoney, patriotic claptrap."



PNS

Matthew O'Hara

And now this

FOR YEARS the labour movement has been a stronghold of patriarchy. The existence of women like Barbara Castle — or 'my little minister' as Harold Wilson liked to call her — has obscured the sexism still rampant. At all levels women still tend to cast themselves in support roles to the male activists. The number of women MPs has actually gone down from 21 in 1945 to 11 today. Although more than one in ten of the members of the T&G and the AUEW are women neither union has any women on their executive.

Even the NUT, where seven out of every ten members is a women, has only four on an executive of 44. Now, alongside all the other convulsions, women inside the Labour Party are beginning to organise for political equality. The initiative has come from the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy. Its members have spent eight painstaking years lobbying for the constitutional reforms; now its looking at women's rights.

At Blackpool CLPD held a women's rights rally which was packed out. On Saturday October 11 it staged its first national women's meeting at London's Conway Hall. Over a hundred women came. An impressive number for an event organised in a hurry with very little publicity. In the morning we discussed and voted on eight campaign demands which the CLPD Women's Action Committee has drawn up. They have to be seen in the context of the fact that the Labour Party has always had a compartment for women at each level of the heirarchy. There is a womens section on the NEC, a national women's officer, a national women's conference and each local constituency can if it wishes set up a women's section. So CLPD's strategy is three-fold: to highjack this existing structure and transform it into a force of change, to campaign for positive discrimination on parliamentary shortlists and to give the women's conference real power viz the power to table motions at conference and to vote women on to the NEC. We agreed on the eight demands and some additions.

Undoubtedly there were women at the conference who, while they may have learnt the feminist lesson that we have to fight collectively for our rights, are less happy with other ideas coming out of the women's movenent like the rejection of Leninist forms of organisation and the concept of leadership and the led. And nearly all the women there were young, white and middle class.

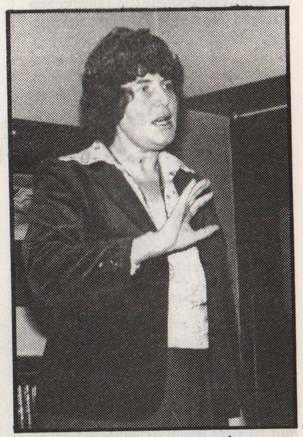
There are issues to discuss, and if necessary, struggle about in the future. But they do not detract from the significance of the day's events. At last the Labour Party is beginning to reflect debates that have been going on in the women's movement for over a decade. The demands we agreed on will go before CLPD's AGM and become part of its platform. Equally important, it was agreed that there is a need for feminists organising in women's sections up and down the country to keep in contact and campaign on the issues raised.

The Campaign Demands;

— An NEC Women's section elected by Women's conference
— Women's conference to table motions at National Conference
— Positive discrimination on Parliamentary and local government shortlists
— Reformed Parliamentary day
— National Women's Department at Labour Party HQ and national women's newspaper
— Positive discrimination on NEC study groups
— Women's Advisory Committee elected by Women's Conference
— Trade Union delegations to Annual Conference to accurately reflect female membership of that union

For More Information Contact:— *Heather Gaebler Hon Sec, CLPD Women's Action Committee, 10 Park Drive, NW11 7SH.*

Diane Abbott.



Alastair Indge

Frances Morrell addresses the CLPD conference

Union boycott

SCARBOROUGH HOTELIERS are moving, though reluctantly and slowly, towards permitting their workers to join a union after a boycott campaign from the labour movement. Hotel and catering workers are amongst the lowest-paid in the country, while their conditions and security of employment are often little short of feudal.

The town has long played host to labour movement conferences, a business worth millions of pounds a year to the proprietors. But after the prestigous Crown Hotel refused to go to ACAS to discuss recognition claims by the GMWU's Hotel and Catering Workers Union, the workers themselves initiated the boycott call.

With the exception of APEX — who claimed they had long-standing contracts with a number of hotels, which they couldn't afford to break — the call was widely respected and Scarborough lost so much business that even the town's Director of Tourism had to concede that it had had a "substantial effect".

Two weeks ago the Hoteliers' Association agreed to issue a Letter of Intent that would allow the GMWU to recruit in the town. The boycott will not be called off until there is definite evidence that they can recruit.

The Hotel and Catering Workers' Union was launched in 1977. At that time it had 9,000 members; now it has 33,000. But although some of them are located in Blackpool, Brighton and Bournemouth there are no plans yet to extend the boycott to these equally unpleasant hoteliers.

Deadly games

EACH YEAR the world's nations spend $17 billion on water, food, housing and health. The same sum covers the global arms budget for a mere two weeks. While Britain agonises over the cost of military macrosystems like Trident or Cruise, there's a flourishing middle-range arms industry supplying customers across the world which gets far less attention than it deserves.

Last week the Campaign Against the Arms Trade (CAAT) held a picket outside the Cunard International Hotel in London where arms merchants from a variety of countries were attending 'Military Microwave 80', a three-day get-together offering talks on a range of topics related to electronic warfare and counter-measures: advanced radars, satellite radar systems, specialised antennae and even, for the nostalgic, a Mr A Price on 'Electronic Counter-Measures in World War II'. Several hundred people including the Duke of Kent came to the conference from Japan, USA, Europe, Scandinavia, and no doubt a good deal further afield.

The picket probably made little impression on the electronic travelling salesmen and reps, but CAAT have a strong case for arguing that money spent on arms could be diverted into socially useful expenditure. As CAAT argues, the only ultimate use for arms is to kill, whether their ostensible application is 'offensive' or 'defensive'. In addition, many of the arms packages on offer at exhibitions like this can find their way round arms sale embargoes and into the hands of regimes with few qualms about the kind of targets their military hardware may be aimed at.

Similar arguments to these were the basis of a 'Peace Week' demonstration in the West German city of Wiesbaden earlier this month, when pickets did their best to disrupt the smooth running of Military Electronics Defence Expo 80, a similar event to the Cunard Hotel exhibition. This exhibition has an interesting history. It's now into its fifth year. Originally it was put on in the United States, but after consistent opposition there it was transferred, in 1978, to West Germany. Last year opponents of the arms trade there caught on and organised demonstrations and pickets. Following this year's activities the exhibition will probably be moved to another venue and another more hospitable country.

The organisers of the Wiesbaden Exhibition are a company called Kiver Communications with a UK branch office in Millbank House, Ewell Road, Surbiton. Their head office is located in the town of Fribourg, Switzerland. Kiver Communications only act as a booking agent, however. At Wiesbaden 35 UK companies offered their hardware to potential buyers, among them such names as British Aerospace, Cossor Electronics, Ferranti, GEC-Marconi, Plessey, Racal, Rank Precision Industries, Sperry Gyroscope and Thorn Automation, as well as the Defence Sales Organisation, about which such nasty tales have been heard in recent weeks.

Apart from the highly sophisticated computer command systems primarily for military application, other equipment on show in Wiesbaden included brand new infra-red night vision systems, thermal imagers and other observation devices or night-sights for rifles, as well as security microwave fencing, whose applications could as well be against civilian populations by police as against enemies in genuine war situations.

"There's clearly a fine line between the military playing with a new laser sight or a starscope and the police/military getting their hands on an infra-red TV scanning camera, remotely controlled from a central command post, which allows for night-time, all-weather surveillance of a target population. We may not have that here — yet — but what guarantee can we give that our equipment doesn't get to South Africa, Chile, Argentina or some equally loathsome regime? After all, they've already had a shopfront in West Germany...and *there's* a country which sets us a fine example in trade and technology.

Nick Anning

Spookaid Ltd

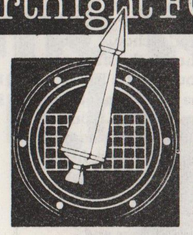
THE BRITISH electronics company Racal has set up a new subsidiary to sell radios and communication equipment to internal security forces all over the world. They say that they received worldwide enquiries worth one million dollars within four weeks of publicising their plans for the new company, Racal Messenger Ltd.

Racal Messenger, which is to be a subsidiary of Tacticom, is to sell lower specification, less expensive equipment to police and security forces. The new company was set up after Racal signed a deal with the American company General Electric to supply sell radio equipment made by the Americans.

The head of Racal Radio Industries, Mr Gerry Whent, said that both companies had been finding that because of the pattern of internal unrest within countries there was becoming a need for a combination of radio equipment so that police and para-military forces could combine with military forces.

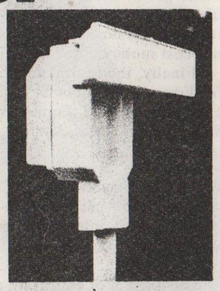
"Over the past two or three years," he said, we have been noticing that we have a need for a complete capability for a country. Because of internal unrest — be it terrorism, hi-jackings or embassy hostages — more and more national guards are having to co-operate with the full military. But they do not need full military front line specification equipment."

The security forces of Britain and other Western countries, he added, had already seen the need for this combination and done it. The inquiries had come from Racal's traditional market areas — Mediterranean Europe, the Middle and Far East, black Africa and South America. *Michael Barker*



MILITARY ELECTRONICS DEFENCE EXPO

MICROWAVE FENCE
Invisiwall II – a second generation microwave fence, featuring a new system of digitally based signal processing. The transmitter and the receiver are housed in identical castings which form an integral part of the antenna rather than a cosmetic cover.
FROWDS LIMITED





NIGHT VISION SYSTEM
The Model 9878 Noctron V Second Generation system permits direct viewing and low light level photography for security operations and anti-terrorist control. Includes 25 mm MCP tube, 135 mm f/2.8 lens 5× biocular eyepiece with new features and many accessories.
VARO INC, Texas Division

TST 7575 VOICE SCRAMBLER UNIT
Full duplex voice scrambler providing high voice security through the use of frequency and time domain scrambling. Master key setting is by EPROMs, the user can set his daily key by 6 thumb wheel switches, offering 1 million quick selections. The set is optionally available with military specifications.
TELE SECURITY TIMMANN



JOHN BENNETT, chairperson of the Doncaster group of the NCCL has asked Councillor George Moores, chairperson of South Yorkshire Police Authority, for an independent inquiry into a stream of complaints against the police in Doncaster this year. Moores decided to pass the complaints onto Deputy Chief Constable of South Yorkshire, Mr Frank Gutsell, who ordered an internal inquiry. Bennett condemns the decision as "unsatisfactory".

* * *

KENT POLICE AUTHORITY has decided to resist all spending cuts. The decision was deplored by Councillor Robert Young, Labour member from Deal, who said, "I cannot justify giving preferential treatment to the police while severe cuts are made elsewhere."

* * *

AS OXFORD City Council decided to comply with the new Government law on selling homes, the city's housing committee was told in October that almost 500 more people were on the list than at the same time last year: the total was now more than 3,300.

* * *

CLAUSE 42 of the County Kent Bill, to be presented at the beginning of the next session of Parliament, states "no person shall organise or conduct a procession through any street in a district unless there has been served on the chief police officer in the district a notice stating the route by which and thedate and time on and at which it is intended to pass". Threatened penalty: up to £200.

Letters

Education

I KNOW nothing about John Munford who had the temerity not to say stupidity to say primary teachers should teach children to read in four months, but I am prepared to stake a large bet that he has never taught a reception class for one term (about four months), let alone a year.

The infant school is not a training circus intent upon releasing little robots who can bark out words on cue. It is, hopefully, a place where the *whole child* is nurtured and encouraged, not just in literacy but in numeracy, oracy, in creative expression and in developing the formation of affectionate and stable relationships with peers and adults.

Having said that, is it even available (where it is desirable) objective to teach a child to read in four months. On a one-to-one basis it is of course possible and probably done in many middle-class households with pre-school children all the time. But Munford is not talking about such a situation. He is speaking of the state system which he implies is overstaffed and flowing with milk and honey and exercise books. I challenge him to teach a clan of 25 four to five-year-olds to read in four months!

Go out into some infant schools, Mr Munford, and see what is going on. And for god's sake, if not the kids and teachers' sakes, let Mark Carlisle do his own dirty work. Reactionary crap like your article, implying cuts are no problem for schools is better suited to the Daily Mail or the Tory Party Manifesto.
Sue Hornby, Meols, Wirral.

SALLY STOCKLEY'S article on alternatives to school (*Leveller* 42) gives the impression that Education Otherwise, the association of those practising home education, is geared to expensive home tutors and correspondence courses. It is not. Most families who take on responsibility for their children's education themselves are doing so because they realise the vital importance of learning which grows out of real, daily life. This has nothing to do with teachers and books, and it does not cost money.

Finally, the central address for Education Otherwise is now 18, Eynham Road, London W12.
Sarah Guthrie, Diss, Norfolk.

I FOUND your articles on children and – particularly – education very interesting, and should like to make a few comments.

Out system of education does exactly what it is intended to do; it confirms rich children's sense of superiority and the fitness of the social circumstances that produced them, and by forcing poor children to learn instead of encouraging them to think and enjoy, it ensures that once they have escaped from school they will never again so much as read a serious book if they can help it. They will therefore never discover that school, little as it has done for them, has nevertheless indoctrinated them with half-truths and down-right lies.

History lessons teach them that England was always gloriously right and she always won her battles (even her defeats are presented as victories). Ireland through the centures is not mentioned or beautifully glossed over, and Chartists, Luddites and Levellers are dismissed as cranks and troublemakers. Children will gladly forget the "facts" that have been pumped into them so drearily, but the chauvinism created will, in most cases, last for the rest of their life. This is why "education" is compulsory – it effectively prevents a child from ever acquiring knowledge.

Nevertheless, to the parents wondering what to do about their daughter's school I would say – send her to the state school. If you educate her at home she may grow up feeling you have deprived her. You can, and will, educate her at home anyway, simply by being her family and the sort of people you are. With luck, she will discuss what she finds out from you with her teachers and fellow pupils, and she may broaden a few horizons!
Deidre Carton, Bournemouth.

Fragments

A MISPRINT has given my article on Beyond the Fragments (September *Leveller*) an interesting slant.

The sentence should have read: 'although feminists who are *socialists* may analyse patriarchy as a system rather than biology, individual men are still responsible for confronting their own contradictions when they benefit from that system.'

It may well be that *sociological* feminists agree with these sentiments, but I don't think there are too many of them around!
Susan Greenberg

Lord God Again

I TOO am a fan of your Lord God Almighty cartoon: about time we had some really splendid blast at the cloud-cuckoo establishment.

Why does 'The Daily Service' have to use a consecrated microphone? Do the amplifier, telephone lines modulator, power amplifier and aerial have to be consecrated as well? Should I have a baptised radio to listen to it?

There is one continuing theme, a continuity of double-faced dealing in British public life and institutions, inadequately expressed by the word HUMBUG.

It drips from the mouth of political notables, who can't even tell lies convincingly, and as your recent articles on school declare, it is forced out of the mouth of teachers for the contempt of the young. What primitive tribe would be so stupid as to treat its young people, its greatest asset, in this way so as to make them lose faith in anything?

The Leveller is pulling away some of the stones to show what crawls underneath and *I* will be glad to help from time to time.
This letter shortened because of space
S.C. Handley, Farnham, Surrey.

Women's Conference

THE THIRD London Area Women's Liberation Conference Planning Group said in a letter in the last *Leveller* that 'the notices we tried to put in *Time Out*'s Agitprop were altered in such a way as to say that the Planning Group had, in fact, not only chosen all the topics for the workshops, but had written all the papers as well.'

The implication in this statement is that we in Agitprop deliberately misrepresented the Planning Group's position for some (unexplained) reason.

This is a load of crap. We cut their over-long, obscure and not-very-friendly letter because printing it all would have meant leaving out someone else's message altogether. The point that the Planning Group now say that they were trying to make was neither clearly explained nor indicated as being of any particular importance.

In Agitprop we have always tried to provide a non-sectarian, open noticeboard for the radical movement. If we can't always do the things that people would ideally like us to do it's usually because of lack of space or because of administrative/personal failings – but not, we hope, because of stupid and pointless pettiness.

Good luck with the fortnightly.
Steve Peak, Sarah Harrison, Anny Brackx, Agitprop section, Time Out Magazine, London.



Time to get in and fight them?


Chris Davies

The Labour Party is currently going through the most profound debate since the end of the war. Many socialists have chosen recently to move into the party and join those already there in trying to move it to the left. Others stand outside, watching with a greater or lesser degree of interest.

As a contribution to the discussion we present two differing points of view. First *Hilary Wainwright*, one of the authors of *Beyond the Fragments*, argues that while we should support the left in the party, we should continue to work and build on the autonomous left. Then *Rachel Lever* of the Mobilising Committee for Labour Democracy, writing in a personal capacity, argues that socialists should take part in the battle to reclaim the party.

ONE IMPORTANT assumption behind Benn's call is that, on most important issues, there is more to unite the left inside and outside the Labour Party than there is to unite the Labour left with the right and centre of their own party. In this sense it is a welcome recognition that real political alignments on the left are not adequately expressed within existing party political structures.

But the solution cannot be to breathe life into those very structures we found inadequate simply because the contradictions within them are beginning to explode.

One feature of these contradictions is that the conservative forces within the party and the trades unions have the power to turn the post-Blackpool constitution to their own advantage and guarantee for themselves the determining say in the shape of future Labour national and local governments.

This may involve shedding some of the less tactically astute of their number, it may involve tolerating a familiar lurch to the left while in opposition. But even though they will have to trim their sails to the wind, they cannot be removed from the controls of the labour movement without a far wider struggle than just within the party.

Though we should support the left's campaign to democratise the Labour Party, using whatever influence we have Within our unions, we would be imprisoning and stultifying the new ways of organising which have been built over the last fifteen years if we join the Labour Party. There are two main reasons for this.

First, the whole framework of policy discussion in the party is one of formulating policies on the assumption that Labour's political representatives can carry them out through the machinery of Parliament and local government. But, in fact, the priority must be to develop policies and ways of organising that will extend the power and political scope of the workplace and community organisations through which working people can exert power directly. Without such popular power any future Labour government, however left-inclined, will succumb to the same pressures as its predecessors.

The job of socialist MPs in this process would be to propose measures which give legitimacy and support to such extraparliamentary political initiatives and power. And this is very different from the kind of socialist strategy which almost inevitably comes out of the policy debates of the Labour Party.

The process of building up popular political power is not primarily a matter of gaining mass support in terms of votes and enthusiasm for a parliamentary programme of, say, nationalisation, withdrawal from the EEC and abolition of the House of Lords. It is a matter of encouraging the political initiatives and self-organisation which prepare for workers: and community control *supported* by a socialist government.

However much some of the Labour left would like to see such preparation they have been unable, within the Labour Party, to break out of the traditional debate centred around programmes for the next government, except when individuals among them have been drawn into forums based *outside* the Labour Party. And there are real constraints which explain why this should be so.

The idea of the Labour Party discussing, for example, what policies and organisational developments can best extend the political scope of workplace trade unionism, how to extend the campaigning role of trades councils, or how to fight for a feminist politics to be built into trade union bargaining, would pose a tremendous threat to the traditional relationship between the trades unions and the Labour Party. It is a threat which no national trade union would accept, no matter how many times they have voted at conference for full nationalisation or withdrawal from the EEC.

Of course change can be, and is being, fought for within the unions. But its success requires a framework for policy and strategy discussions, and for taking



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action, which is independent of the trade union and Labour Party leadership. It means the bringing together of socialists active in different unions and movements for more than just caucus or propaganda purposes — as is the main function, for example, of Tribune or the Labour Coordinating Committee.

This brings me to the second imprisoning and stultifying feature of the Labour Party. The majority of discussion about policy, strategy and action has to be *with* the very people whose ideas and vested interests we are fighting against — the trade union officials, and the councillors, for instance, who are usually part of our problems rather than part of our struggles.

It's true that we come up against reactionary labour movement leaders whether we are inside or outside the Labour Party. But the point is that we will never win unless we have an open, *independent*, political base from which to fight them.

That is: a base within which to formulate our own policies and tactics unpressured by phoney calls to unite the party; from which to learn from involvement in groups and movements whose needs and demands require a radical redefining of socialism, without feeling defensive or being diverted by the latest manoeuvre of the right of the party; and a base from which to reach uncommitted people directly, on the basis of policies we really believe in, rather than those tarred and confused by repeated compromise.

It is through such independent bases, whether they be single issue campaigns like the Right to Work or European Nuclear Disarmament, or broad organisations like Socialist Centres and forums, or socialist groupings in unions, that socialists outside the party can best unite with those inside. Maybe the Labour left should open up their own organisations such as the Labour Coordinating Committee and the Rank and File Mobilising Committee to the rest of the left.

Through such independent united work the cause of democratising the Labour Party is advanced. But the strengthening of this work in the workplaces and the localities does not become dependent upon, or subordinate to, the long-term goal of changing the Labour Party. For in the long term we are all dead!

HOW SHOULD the Blackpool conference be assessed by those of us who set more store by direct working class action than parliamentary reform, who don't believe the capitalist system *can* be reformed into socialism, and who believe that the socialist transformation of society must be carried out directly by the working class millions acting for themselves and cannot be delegated to even the most democratic Parliament imaginable?

The first thing to say is that the 'constitutional' votes at Blackpool are a body-blow *against* the status of Parliament, the parliamentarians, and parliamentarianism in the labour movement.

That much must be evident from the rantings of Will Rodgers and David Owen, supported by a worried press. Rightly worried: how safe will they feel when a Labour *Prime Minister* faces re-selection, both as an MP and as party leader?

The dead weight of the virtually autonomous PLP, which has slotted into the regular machinery of bourgeois rule while sitting with leaden respectability on the mass workers' party for the past 74 years, is to be lifted. Can we throw it aside? That will depend on the outcome of the struggle to start *using* the Blackpool decisions.

If we are not cheated at the Special Conference in January, direct channels will be opened up for the control by the working class over the parliamentarians. Even if we lose on that, we have re-selection; if used in a bold and radical way, it could mean a clearing out of scores of white, middle aged, middle class, male nonentities (as well as the vicious and dangerous characters) and their replacement with real representatives of the oppressed and exploited, who themselves are made accountable.

Blackpool means that no longer will Labour be a safe alternative governing party whose parliamentary representatives can dig themselves in at Westminster, impervious to the decisions, pressures and demands of the workers' movement and the class struggle.

Far from these changes being irrelevant to community actions, strikes, anti-racist work, defence of services, challenges to secrecy, the media and the power of the state, international solidarity campaigns and support for the Irish struggle, the women's movement and the fight against nuclear power and weapons, the Blackpool victories mean that these struggles can now intrude themselves into the corridors of power and open them up to the winds of class and sectional struggles.

The difference between the old cynicism and the new hope could thoroughly revitalise our political lives, and bring fresh forces to all our work.

There are, of course, great limitations to the changes won at Blackpool. They may change the face of Labour in Parliament, but the locus of real power remains elsewhere, in the power of the state built up since the Parliamentary franchise was extended in the 1860s: the army, the civil service, the police, the judiciary. There is no short cut through *that* with conference resolutions. The question is, by what route will a movement be built up that *can* challenge the state?

Will it be by the linking together of the 'fragments' or perhaps the growth of groups like the SWP that combine syndicalist anti-parliamentarianism with repetition of simple time-honoured socialist truisms, largely outside the mass workers' political movement and outside the present attempt at self-renewal? Or will it be through a *transformation* of the mainstream labour movement that organises 12 million working people?

The changes voted in at Blackpool are only the start of a struggle for this transformation. They must be extended into the trade unions, both for the sake of trade union democracy itself and to make Labour democracy secure. We have to fight sexism, the racism and the nationalism that permeate the movement if we are to call it anywhere like healthy. But all these struggles will be inspired and accelerated by what happened in Blackpool.

Another important catalyst in the situation is the development of a new left in the Labour Party itself. The feebleness of the old *Tribune* left and the dead propagandist passivity of the *Militant* are no longer the only choices for socialists. Campaign groups on racism, Ireland, abortion, women's rights, disarmament, ecology and a host of other issues are alive and fighting in the Labour Party. The Blackpool conference was the scene of over 100 fringe events and meetings; a huge week-long political festival in itself.

The democracy issue has seen the coming together in exemplary unity



Chris Davies

to ten organisations in the party to form the Rank and File Mobilising Committee for Labour Democracy. In just four months' campaigning it turned an expected defeat at Blackpool into substantial victory. Rallies around the country (attracting, for example, 800 in London, 600 in Manchester and 1000 in Birmingham) were evidence of a movement of historic proportions. After the pessimism and disillusion of the past twenty years, they were described by Bob Wright as 'like revival meetings'.

A small breeze of change in attitudes to women began to blow at Blackpool. Eleven year old Rachel Brodie, who was there with Women's Fightback members, attacked sexist slogans like 'Ditch the Bitch', writing in Socialist Organiser's delegates' briefing: "This badge is a disgrace to the Labour Party". She got nationwide publicity — and her call was forcefully reiterated from the platform by Jo Richardson.

An official fringe meeting was held on 'Feminism and Socialism', and an NEC Women's Rights study group has been set up which will address itself to sexual politics as well as formal equality.

The Campaign for Labour Party Democracy, which won re-selection, has now launched a series of demands for women's rights within the party. And Women's Fightback will be holding a major conference on November 22 to start organising militant women in the party in a rank and file women's caucus to fight for these democratic demands, for immediate action against Tory attacks, and for a package of radical policies to go into Labour's manifesto .

So people are thinking, discussing and organising to make Labour a different kind of party. The conference decision to set up factory branches is another major step in this direction: such branches could not avoid immediate involvement in the day-to-day class struggle.

At the Debate of the Decade, organised last winter by the Labour Co-ordinating Committee, the options were presented like this: you could be a revolutionary socialist in the SWP, IMG or the 'Fragments', cut off from all this upheaval', or you could be a left parliamentarian (at best) livened up by contact with extra-parliamentary forces Tony Benn, Audrey Wise and Stuart Holland spoke for this position).

But there is a third option: to organise as revolutionary socialist in the Labour Party, relating to Parliament as the democratic instrument we have now in as radical a way as possible, but never losing sight of the need for the alternative democracy of workers' councils. Doing this requires no subterfuge or manipulation.

And curiously, while the revolutionary socialist groups outside the Labour Party have become increasingly sectarian, exclusive and abrasive towards other socialists seemingly confirming all the jibes from the libertarian left about 'Leninism', those who actually followed Lenin's (1920) advice to work in the British Labour Party have learned to open out and collaborate with others.

Thus it was paradoxically, the hard-left Socialist Organiser (SCLV) that *initiated* the unity of the Mobilising Committee and did a lot of its work, and has now invited socialists who broadly agree with SO's platform to join in building an organised revolutionary left in the party.

The tasks that face us are pretty clear.

Immediately, we've got to win on January 24th, and that means all-out organisation of the rank and file to thwart the carve-ups and treachery the right wing is plotting. The Mobilising Committee will spearhead this work.

Also looming urgently is the need to make a real stand against Heseltine's cuts. Party activists haven't just been passing resolutions on democracy: there haven been tooth-and-nail battles behind the scenes in parties up and down the country to commit parties and Labour councils to a fight. Perhaps the most important of the other resolutions carried at Blackpool was that moved by the four Lambeth parties for a confrontation with Heseltine including industrial action.

Unity in action doesn't mean accepting politics of the Bennites: the little Englandism that runs through the anti-EEC position, unilateralism combined with continued NATO membership, and the watered down Keynesianism of the Alternative Economic Strategy (including the chauvinist demand for import controls) need to be challenged by class struggle politics and Marxist understanding.

What's going on in the Labour Party now is the start of a revitalisation that, beyond question, makes it the central arena of left wing politics today. The 'generation of 68' were understandably repelled and sickened by the disgusting spectacle of the Wilson governments and the spineless capitulation of the parliamentary left. Things are different today. The 'Fragments' themselves are at an impasse. Today's Tet offensive is the storming of the citadels of Labour bureaucracy and parliamentarism, and today's May events are the fight for the political renewal and renovation of a mass worker's party awakening after decades of stultifying servility and mental retardation.

Getting involved in this fight doesn't mean abandoning campaigning grass roots work outside the party. Nor does it mean abandoning the work of gathering together, clarifying and organising ourselves as revolutionary socialists.

Blackpool *assures* socialists of nothing. But one thing is certain. What becomes of the *possibilities* it has opened up like a Pandora's box will depend on what socialists can make of the new situation. So too will the outcome of the January conference depend on the actions of socialists in the next three months.

Those socialists who now willfully abstain from this fight must be branded as sectarian, self-indulgent and irresponsible, set in a mould more constricting than they imagine the Labour Party to be.

Finally, a word about the Tories. So far, the labour movement has been a pushover for the most vicious government this century, The renovation of this movement is not merely necessary to prepare a half-decent alternative to the Tories. It is necessary for *now*, for a fight *today* to settle accounts with Thatcher.

Motherhood - in time and intent

THE FIRST generation of modern socialist feminists is now in its thirties and has opened up the debate about motherhood. Women's reasons for opting out so far are various. Some say they were building a secure identity to stand the storms of being a mother in a patriarchal society. Some were simply enjoying the freedom to portion out their lives without children. Some have said that to have a child was to take on too direct a battle against the motherhood stereotype.

But the pressure is now on. *Pat Murray* argues that the debate must take into account the economic 'how' as well as the predominantly middle-class 'why', and talks to three women who have had to confront the problem

THERE ISN'T much longer than the mid-thirties to leave the option of going in for motherhood. The current wealth of thought and energy being invested in the examination of why women want to have children has a certain poignancy.

Working it out is refusing to abandon control of that part of your life, refusing to place control of your own fertility in the hands of time.

Population trend-watchers have recognised that the huge leap which took place in this country's birth rate between 1978-79 was the result of women who had 'postponed' childbirth 'catching up'.

In the UK population actually went into decline in 1976. It had been steadily growing post-war right up to 1973 when, contemporary with the growth of the women's movement, and the control over fertility the pill produced, it started to decline until, by the beginning of 1976, it reached a balance between birth and deaths — i.e. no population growth.

Between 1976-77 it went into decline, minus 4.9%. The following year the decline was beginning to turn around (minus 0.2%). The reversal was starting: the birth rate rocketed to a 47.5% population growth rate during 1978-79. That year approximately 720,000 children were born in the UK, almost half to the 25-34 age group and this broke down predominantly into first time births and third children.

There was also a sharp increase (14.2 per cent), in what the government's Office of Population, Censuses and Surveys likes to describe as 'illegitimate' births. There were other minor factors such as a fall in migration but the evidence pointed overwhelmingly to women in this age group taking up motherhood for the first time.

In fact a chunk of the first generation of modern feminists has walked into an age-old biological pressure cooker with regard to their ideas and feelings on the question of motherhood. What is encouraging is the determination being voiced not to allow the power of a patriarchal state to turn the experience, if chosen, into an oppression. Women in their thirties choosing motherhood for the first time may have an identity and independence which sharpens their focus on the snares ahead. But they are also predominantly middle class and some of the terms in which the discussion is set fit uncomfortably on working class experience.

One of the best explorations of women's feelings about motherhood was contained in the recent Women's Press publication *Why Children* (edited by Stephanie Dowrick and Sibyl Grundberg). But there were assumptions permeating it which don't hold true for at least the working class women I talked to. Firstly, job occupation was seen as definitive of the woman, part of her identity, and important to return to. For working class women, work is what they do to get money. It does not define interest, although it does place them in class terms. One woman I spoke to said she'd rather take social security and help organise her women's group than do any work she's qualified for. Sewing clips into bras in a factory every day is not work which defines a woman or her interests. If you're not in the relatively luxurious position of having work that is 'vocational' — that you can see value in — swapping it for housework, and bringing up level-headed little people instead, is not a problem of identity so much as a step into isolation, away from workmates.

Where there is common ground is in the loss of financial independence. There would be even more if the current examination of 'why' children incorporated a bit more of the 'how' — the financial and organisational practicalities that can sabotage the choice to have a child, or at least take the joy out of it. Those not of the 'professional' class have less option open to them about work — not many factories will let you arrange your hours better to suit the sensibilities of your identity in relation to motherhood; not many of them even give you permission as-of-right to trot off to your ante-natal class. And, with unemployment raging towards three million, there's plenty lining up to take the job. 'You've got a man to keep you luv', is the clarion call of the recession. It's women's jobs that are the first to go.

Women at the sharpest end of the debate on late entry to motherhood are those trying to take control of their lives completely and have that child without depending economically on any partner. Working class women in this category deserve medals of honour. Going into it without the mental (or real) safety net of a middle-class upbringing demands something extra. It becomes all the more important to incorporate the economics, the planning and caring for a child, into the psychological orientation of the discussion on motherhood.

The practical and economic 'how' of motherhood otherwise comes over as somehow subordinate to the will to have a child. 'You manage somehow' — 'Where there's a will there's a way', and so on. It's idealistic to say that every woman should have the right to have a child in non-oppressive conditions and that the value of the job she is doing be recognised. We haven't got the latter and the former has a faint hint of the right to starve to death mentality about it. The economic and social organisation pressures on working class women to seek out a traditional set-up to have children are strong, and the discussion on motherhood will not be valid until it recognises this.



Cartoons by Peggy

When there aren't nursery facilities to enable you to steal back some of the self motherhood is preventing you from describing; when you haven't got the mobility a car provides to whip wee Johnny, nappies, bottle, teddy and all to a friend's at 7.30 in the morning while you go off for the early shift; or when you haven't got friends who realise that their responsibility as socialists and feminists is directly to aid you to enjoy motherhood by lessening your isolation and labour, that that activity is as much a part of the contribution to the struggle as going to their trade union branch and being politically active in other 'recognised' forums . . . then maintaining a strong identity with motherhood is measurably more difficult.

When there are local nurseries, creches in every workplace, the option of job-sharing/sharing of reproductive labour, a decent wage for producing and bringing up the balanced people society needs just to survive, socialists who have decided not to have children will be able to portion out their lives according to the childless freedom they have chosen. Meantime, the onus is on socialists and feminists to make a direct personal intervention in the struggle of women in their family of friends who choose to produce the next generation.

It's a nonsense to see as progressive an Employment Act that enshrines the right to return to work when there is little or no provision to help a woman take up that option. And as if it all wasn't inhibiting enough, we have Mrs T. and her team viewing the Green Paper on sickness pay — with an eye for expanding its proposals to affect the maternity grant and maternity pay. (The Green Paper proposes making employers pay a limited version of sickness benefit, a flat rate low-level payment for a shorter duration).

While there is still a strong link between poverty and child illness this would be obscene.

14% of all families are single parent families and they are the fastest growing group on the poverty line. In isolated circumstances a woman's ability to pull out of the poverty of life on the Social Security can depend on nursery facilities. A study by Haringey Child Care Campaign found that there are 14,000 under 5's population in this London Borough and the following child care places:

FULL DAY	
Council day nursery places	280
Registered child minders' places	560
Nursery centre places	80
PART DAY	
Nursery school classes	1520
Playgroup places	700
4 year olds in infant schools	2230

9 out of 10 women they spoke to, with school age children and 7 out of 10 with children under 5 want to be able to choose to go out to work.



Here's how three women are taking the patriarchal bull by the horns in their approach to motherhood. (No attempt at a MORI poll cross section.)

PAT found herself pregnant, by accident, at 27. She'd always wanted a child and she kept it. Before the baby was born she married, not the biological father, and lived in a one bedroom flat before moving into a squat from which she was rehoused into a council flat on an estate in Brixton, London. When her child was hardly walking, she and her partner separated. She stayed on in the flat. She comes from a working-class Irish family and had no resources behind her. Now she's in a Women and Children Group and a Women's Group. She takes up the story . . .

"My job at the time was a seasonal one so I didn't qualify for maternity leave, so I took on the job of looking after my son and my husband went out to work. When he left I tried to find a place in a nursery so that I could get some sort of work, but it was impossible. And any work I could get, I'm not trained in anything, wouldn't have run to paying for a childminder. So I lived on social security. The effect of being so poor was that I was with my son 24 hours a day. The isolation was the worst thing. I remember the SS asking what did I think I was going to do. I explained that I thought there might be a chance of a nursery place and then maybe a decent job with a decent wage. There was neither.

I started to get psychosomatic pains, very definite pains in my back. The doctor sussed it out because when I was in his consulting room just talking to him, I didn't have them . . . just talking to somebody. I had a few close friends, but they moved away and I found I knew hardly anybody. I did try this 'One O'clock Club' locally but the women were so . . . well, racist, apart from anything else. I thought I can do without this.

When you are isolated like that it does affect your ability to give the child as much love as you'd like. For instance before I would only allow him his dummy when he was going to bed, but whenever he started to cry I'd automatically give it to him. That's just a small thing. But the poverty and isolation affected my right to have a loving relationship with him. I found myself so wound up that over the silliest thing I'd sometimes wallop him despite always having sworn to myself that that wouldn't happen. I was together enough to halt it there, luckily.

The women's group, the support and the communication made such a difference. Doing it over again I'd think about alternative ways of living; I'd go into it all with a lot more planning. You have to work at making arrangements, and a priority would be not living alone, avoiding the isolation. Now I have loads of women friends and my position is so much stronger.

I've never been work orientated, never liked work for its own sake, and didn't feel that a loss. But I did feel the isolation, the absence of adult company. That's how a lot of women end up on valium. The kind of money I could earn wouldn't have paid for a childminder. That wasn't an option. Since my child's been old enough for school I do a small part-time job, two afternoons a week and that helps afford butter, the cheese I like, the toys he wants.

On the plus side motherhood forced me to stand still and get to know myself better. I think I'm lucky the way I've come out of it. I'm happy now working

with women. But my child had to live through the bad times with me . . . it's not something you can go through as an experiment in identity. They have to live through it too."

JENNY is 33, she had a middle-class upbringing as the daughter of a vicar. She works in book publishing and lives in a flat she rents privately and shares, sometimes, with a woman friend. She wants a child.

"When my last relationship broke up and he left I really thought, I don't know if I ever want to go through all this nonsense again. I don't even know if I'll have the chance because the things that make it really difficult for me to have that kind of long term relationship I'm not ever going to be prepared to give up.

I got upset because I thought this means no kids because of all the practical difficulties of having one on your own. Then I recognised what a passive attitude this was, and with my family background, so terribly destructive, I ought to have known better; that the traditional family isn't necessarily ideal . . . I could have done without it.

So I started thinking about how I could plan to do it myself . . . except for the obvious bit at the beginning, of course. The actual problem of finding a father isn't too difficult, you'd either have to find somebody interested in joining in the project, but not in getting into your life, or someone you'd like to see as the father of your baby very much.

The thing is it's silly to start running your life waiting for a man to come along, and you know a lot of feminists still have this at the back of the head because it does solve the problems of sharing out the work of looking after the baby . . . and the money problems.

The first part of the plan though, is establishing some security. I'm lucky, the flat I live in has got two bedrooms and a garden and on my wages at present I can easily afford it. Going back to work, the money isn't going to be a major problem in terms of just keeping two of us alive, but it's more expensive than that. I've done lots of calculations in odd moments with my pocket calculator. I have got to think of getting a better job, or promotion, if my salary doesn't keep pace with inflation (Jenny earns around £7,000 a year).

I want to go back to work. I just couldn't stand it, all day, every day, with the baby at home. Even if there wasn't a financial problem. But then I have the problem of organising care. The best thing I can do is link in with friends in traditional set-ups and try and share childminders. I know this is using their better-off position, but I can't wait until the revolution . . . not even until the British Printing Corporation offers us a creche. It's the same moral dilemma as private education, which I'm against. But I have to accept this, the same as I accept being employed by and working for a capitalist.

It is important to keep up my work. I've been working for twelve years. Obviously compared to most women I'm well paid, and I'm lucky with my accommodation. At the average industrial woman's wage the pressure to have some sort of partnership would be so much stronger. I think it must often be insurmountable."

DOROTHY is 29, from a working-class, London background. She teaches at a college and lives in a collective household in north London. She had a bonny seven-month-old son, Matthew, which she had within five days of one of her co-sharers also giving birth. They organised it that way but surprised even themselves how close together it worked out. She lives in a separate household from the baby's father, Phil, thinking that her own space is important.

"I always wanted to have a baby and felt I'd be losing out if I didn't. I planned to have Matthew a long time ago but was conscious of the magic age of 30 looming ahead and was quite keen to have the child before then. That was really because of doctors, the medical profession. Since I've had him I've looked around at various friends and their mothers and I've found out that they were conceived when their mothers were in their 30s. It was good though in a way to have that pressure to decide exactly when.

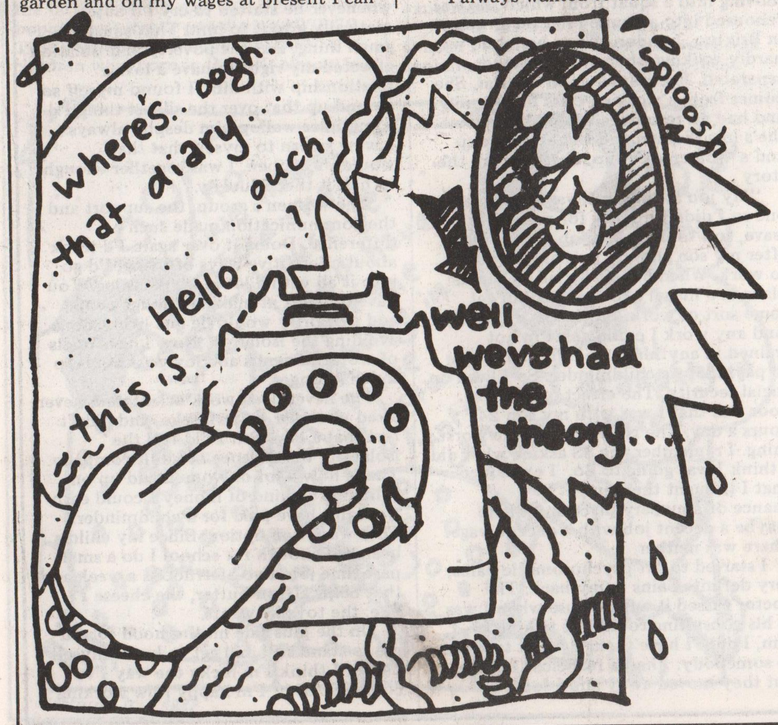
I didn't think it would threaten my identity at all. But I also didn't think it would be as hard work as it is. I thought I'd be able to carry on doing everything.. and have a baby. But when you come back from work you've got the baby and that limits what you can do. (Feeding Matthew) It is essential to organise support before you go into it, otherwise it could be such a shattering experience. (Breaking Matthew's wind) The financial side was never a worry because I've got a good job but I would have had him even if I'd been on the dole. The money wouldn't stop me although it is a problem.

Two years before I conceived him I talked to the people in the house who aren't all the same as those living here now, (three women and two men) and I told them I wanted to have a child. I didn't really want to have two children but didn't believe in children being brought up on their own, so if nobody else was going to have one I would have a second. Then Sally said she wanted to have a child, and we planned it for two years' time. When new people moved into the house we told them the plan; that they were coming into a childless house but it wouldn't stay that way for long.

I had a five-day-a-week job and because I'd been there a while I was able to arrange four days a week and an evening. The core problem is how much support you get in the home. In most cases the husband does nothing and when that sort of burden is placed on a woman it makes it really difficult. But even in a collective household you have problems because people who have got no children and those who do, have different interests. I mean I would do a lot for a woman with a child because I would see it needs doing, but a person who doesn't have a child wouldn't necessarily see what help was needed. You view your life differently when you haven't a child. There is a lot of freedom that you don't want to give up. The degree of help they give is what is usually in dispute.

I think the commitment of parents and non-parents will always be disproportionate. And if you have decided not to have a child you have decided to portion out your life differently.

I work Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. I look after Matthew and Molly on Fridays. Sally has Mondays off and she looks after them then. Christian has Wednesdays off and that's his day. Phil (Matthew's father) works five days a week so two days a week they're looked after by a childminder, usually an employment that working class women take up. We income-relate the amount we pay for the childminder and Phil pays most of this because he doesn't look after the children during the weekdays, and pays more for the privilege.



LAST Sunday saw the biggest demonstration since the Tories came to power, when thousands and thousands of people marched through London to protest against nuclear weapons, ending with a rally in Trafalgar Square. *Tim Gopsill* pinned on his old CND badge and joined in.

Sunday in the square

IF NEARLY all the ones who were up on the platform were old, then nearly all those down there were new. CND is moving on. It has got tens of thousands of kids; there were punks and skins and Crass and Specials followers, pressed up against the barrier, waiting for the windbags to blowout. Then they all started jumping up and down to the authentic doomsday band, Killing Joke."This is the first honest thing you've heard today", boomed Jaz from the keyboard.

It was getting dark but the Square was just lighting up. Files of banners were still emerging from the gloom It was three hours since the rally had begun, and still they were shuffling in.

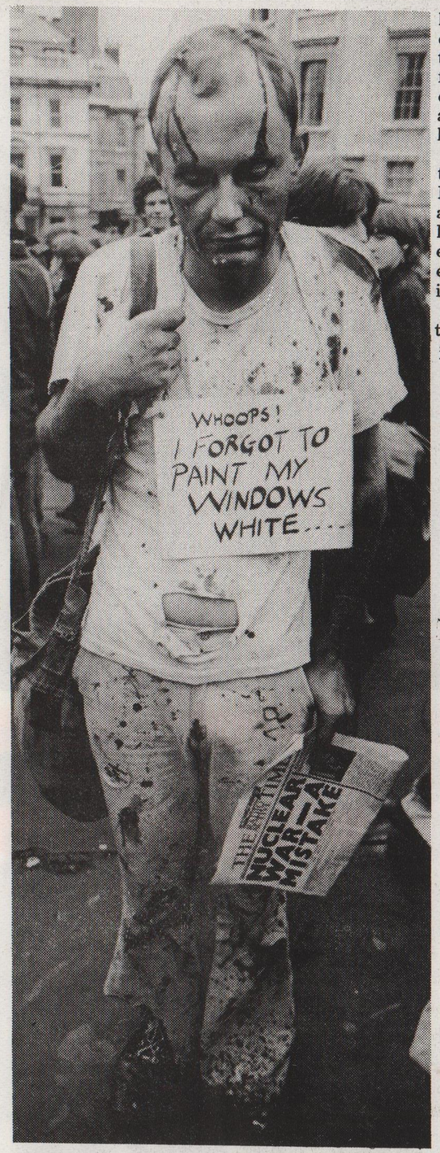
Counting heads is pretty pointless when there are too many to get it right, but even Scotland Yard's characteristically mean "approximately forty nine and a half thousand", (double it and add one is the best way to compute their statistics) says it was the biggest mobilisation since Thatcher, more than twice as many as the last anti missiles march in June, a thousand times as many as a CND meeting could raise a year ago, and nearly all the extras are angry youth.

They all stood pretty stoically as the professionals, up front, did their stuff. There were excited plaudits for Tony Benn, Neil Kinnock, and old Fenner Brockway; and EP Thompson had them shouting "Yes !" like a pantomime audience when he called out "Can we do it ?"

But they were the leftest speakers allowed. One SWP organiser, standing grumpily among the press, muttered : "They've dragged out every pacifist under the sun, but where are the left ?" So there were Scots and Welsh Nats, the Ecology Party, East Anglia and Berkshire Against the Missiles, the UN and the Liberal Party, all represented. Gordon MacLennan from the Communist Party was the only speaker left of Labour.

Uncling over it was Monsignor Bruce Kent, General Secretary of CND, who, though one of the Old School (CND Class of '56) was smart enough to realise, about halfway through the rally, that the gap between the barriers and the platform was more than spatial. "You probably think we are all too old up here", he chuckled, "so we're going to hear next from one of CND's young people, one of our hardest workers, Patrina Clayton."

"You probably wonder what I'm



"doing up here," yelled Patrina, right on cue. "We were born after the Bomb. We are not having any of it. We are going to say no to the bomb, and it is our future. We are the ones who are going to be incinerated. I want to grow up and get married and have children. Everyone under 20 should say we aren't going to have this *horrible* bomb."

Loud cheers. Bruce Kent glided to the mike and murmured "T'riffic".

Thompson was on next and things were beginning to pick up. They had got over the embarassment of Sister Margaret Byrne, the Amazing Orating Nun, who had started : "What I am going to say is not very original. I am going to base my statement on those by the Holy Father the Pope." The rest was drowned in cries of "Fuck Off !"

But Thompson ! The *only* speaker to raise the *real* international dimension. He talked of how the campaign was growing all over Europe. He talked of Norway, Denmark and Blegium. He told us that it had been *unreported* in Britain that 100,000 had marched through Athens, protesting at Greece's re-entry into NATO. He crowned his world-view with reports of protests even from the lands of the super-powers themselves. From America, a letter from five top scientists, including the editor-in-chief of the *Bulletin of Atomic Scientists*; and, wonderfully, a message from Soviet historian Roy Medvedev, which ran :

"I am very happy to know that the campaign for European Nuclear Disarmament has received such strong support among the people of Western Europe. I believe the people of the Soviet Union and eastern Europe are also in their hearts enthusiastic in their support. But our voice is not heard as yours is .....

"Let us ensure that nuclear bombs cease to be a symbol of the might of states, an indicator of the foolishness and irresponsibility of those will not stop the arms race. Let us begin nuclear disarmament as a step towards disarmament of the world. I hope we shall succeed."

Thompson's message was that we *can* win. We can stop the Cruise. "And if we do win, My God, we are going to rediscover the history of the British people."

Thompson spoke from his heart and head. Susannah York spoke from a prepared text. "Actors spend a lot of their time speaking other people's lines," it read. "I am speaking for myself". There were some lines about the 'theatre of war' and then, voice trembling with professional emotion, she read out that sermon of John Donne, the one about the bells tolling. Thankyou Susannah, we'll let you know.

Next please. "Tony Benn". (Terrific cheering). Benn put across the Blackpool line, as forcefully as ever. "We want to divert the money now spent on nuclear weapons to socially useful purposes and to peace.

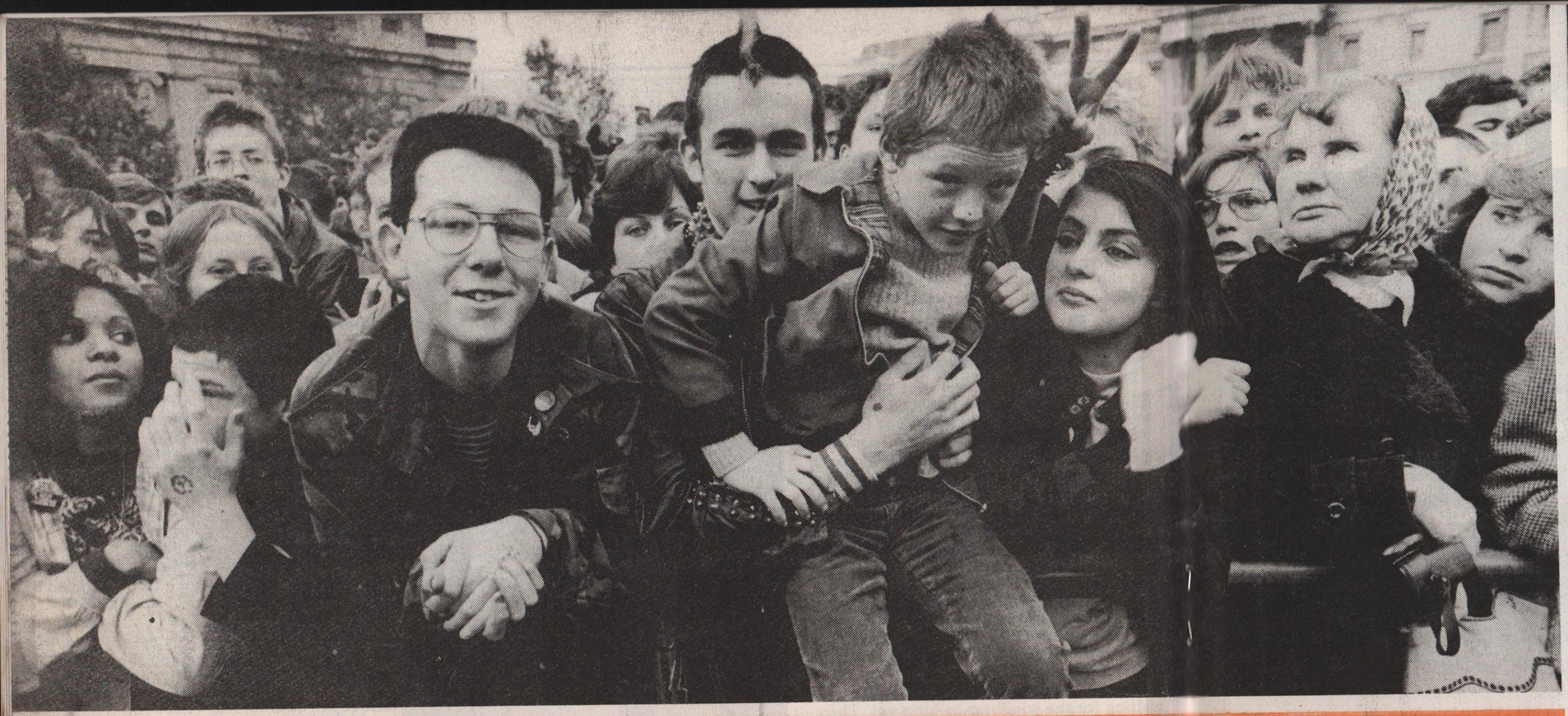
"The government is playing the oldest trick of bankrupt politicians, of creating a foreign enemy to divert attention from the problems it is creating at home.....I won't be a party to telling the younger generation that the future lies in an inevitable nuclear confrontation with the Soviet Union. We support the European Nuclear Disarmament initiative."

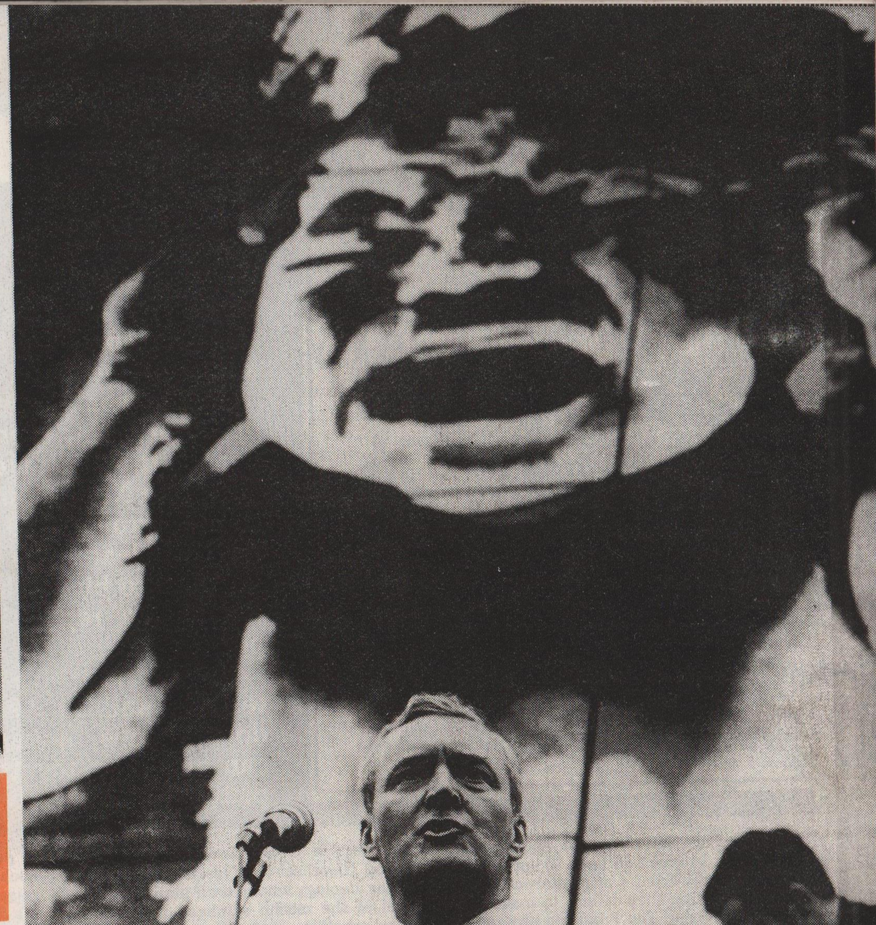
Bruce Kent resumed the mike with a special message : "I would like to say a word of thanks to the police, who have co-operated so well with this non-violent demonstration". Loud booing, but Bruce Kent probably wasn't to knowthat, while Benn was doing his stuff, the mounted police and SPG had been weighing into part of the crowd, just a hundred yards away in Whitehall.

There was a general melee - most of the afternoon's tally of twelve arrests were then - but what, it seems, had happened was this : a group of anarchists had decided to head off down to Downing Street, and in Whitehall they met one of the mobile bands from the march coming the other way.

The band was Inner City Unit, an old hippy outfit, and their wagon got surrounded by police and black flags coming from all directions. The mounties rode up and sealed off the street - always good practice. But if it had been a few thousand more from the Square it could have been trickier for them.

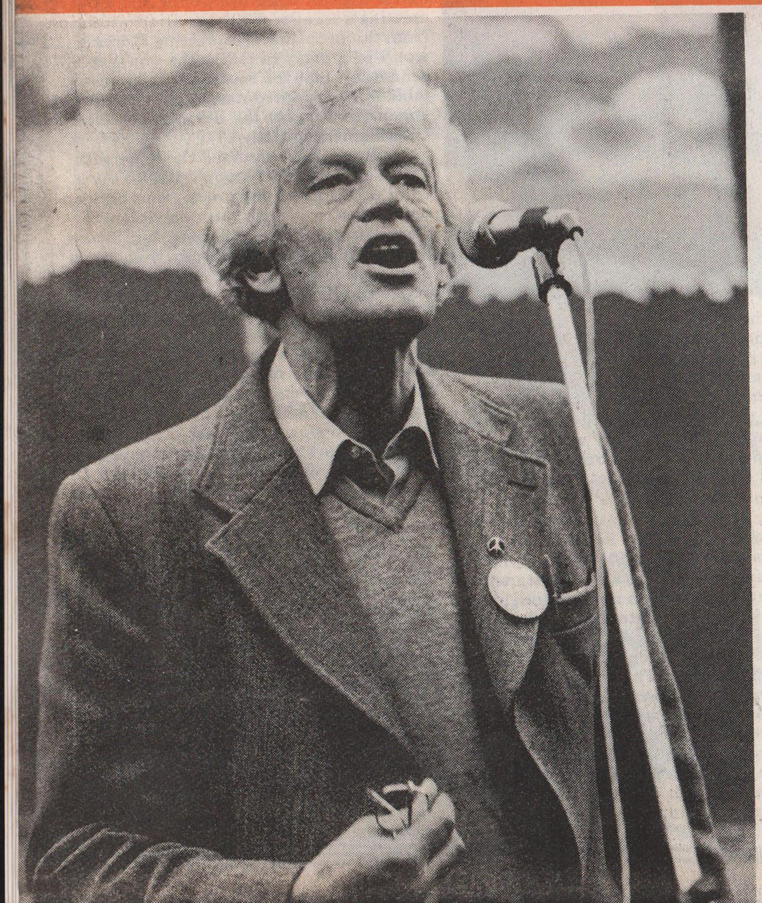
The rally finally wound down with Ian Davidson Scottish CND secretary; the speakers drifted off to be interviewed by radio reporters, and Killing Joke set up their gear. A huge surge of kids pressed under the barriers and up to the edge of the plinth. Bruce Kent took the mike again : "There is nothing happening here until you all go behind the barriers". Nobody took a blind bit of notice. The gig went on.

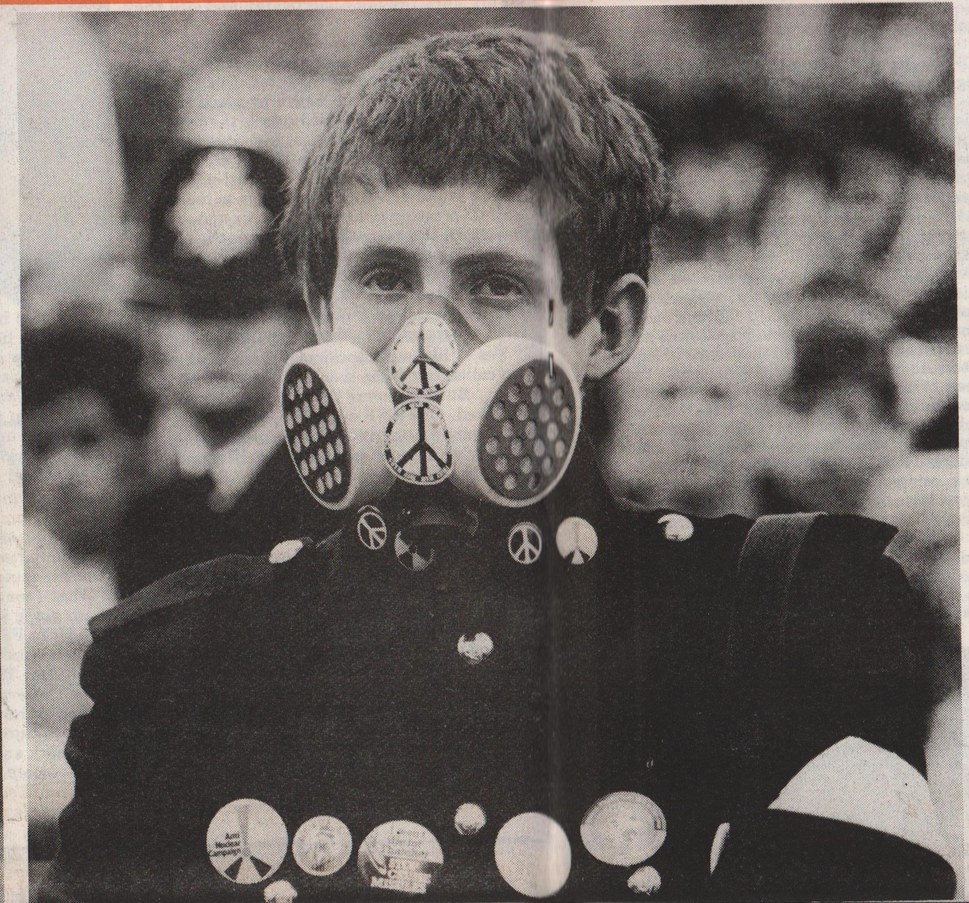




We're the ones who'll be incinerated

— *Pictures by Laurie Evans, Nick Oakes and Alistair Indge*







On the march



'I've got all his punk rock records. Bomb the UK! We want Poland and we want it now! Blitzkrieg France! Russia must go!'

TWO WEEKS ago a group of about 20 men, swathed in white hoods and carrying burning torches, attacked an Asian mosque in Manchester. It took the police 40 minutes to get there, despite the fact that Longsight police station is one minute away by car.

At Chelsea football ground, long the home of a particularly unpleasant group of skinheads, they've taken to unfurling a Union Jack with Nazi SS runes in the corner. At Coventry's ground the BM are organising the terraces, leading fascist chants and throwing bananas to black players. West Ham has an unenviable reputation for its fascist 'supporters'.

Out in the streets and the discos, the terraces and the estates, the schools and the dole queues, apparently isolated incidents can be drawn together to paint an alarming picture of fascist advance.

Two years ago Rock Against Racism and the Anti Nazi League had been so successful that the National Front's own internal bulletin was bemoaning their failure to make any recruiting progress. The Front did abysmally at the 1979 elections and then split amidst public wranglings over Excalibur House, its Shoreditch property. As the results in a recent East End by-election showed — the NF's favoured local candidate, Derrick Day, received a derisory 200 votes on his own doorstep — they still have little electoral popularity.

But this year alone, fascists have marched in Southwark, Lewisham, Corby, Central London, Blackpool, Brighton, Halifax, Tunbridge Wells, Preston, Glasgow, Nuneaton, Hull, Hoxton, Dewsbury, Enfield and Welling. At the latest march, in Welling ten days ago, 300 people, predominantly young male skinheads, stomped through the streets chanting openly Nazi slogans. They were opposed by no more than 150 anti-racists. When fascists marched in central London about Iranian students a mere handful of people opposed them.

Fascists have recently broken up a Dead Kennedys gig in Liverpool, smashed up RAR discos in Leeds and Birmingham, attacked black men, women and children in places as far apart as Newham and Southall, Longsight and Harehills. The vandalising of left and black bookshops, the desecration of Jewish cemeteries, the casual terrorisation of gigs and parties, of Asian families and minority places of worship, has become so commonplace that they are barely newsworthy.

Teachers in certain London schools have told the 'Leveller' that fascism is the most popular ideology among their pupils, part and parcel of the macho skinhead fashion. The natural rebelliousness of the youth — against their schools, parents, police, authority — has been captured not by the left, but by the far right.

Particularly among the 'difficult' pupils, those faced with no prospects for the foreseeable future except the dole queue, with little education and no skills to offer a dwindling economy, fascism has become an attractive proposition. Their energy and militancy is attracted to a movement which openly encourages their violence and bullying as that of the 'honour guard' of the new society, legitimising it as a political act.

"Why shouldn't I join the National Front?" asked one Warrington skin recently. "We've tried Callaghan and we know Labour doesn't work. At least the NF does have some answers".

Previous upsurges in fascist support have been qualitatively different from the present wave. In the sixties the openly Nazi sentiments of Colin Jordan, John Tyndall and the young Martin Webster held little attraction for anyone outside a tiny lunatic fringe. Relative prosperity ensured jobs and prospects for most people, the memory of World War Two was still vivid, and the Labour Government of Harold Wilson held out hopes of peace and plenty.

The seventies' growth of the National Front was accompanied by a desperate attempt to make it appear 'respectable' and non-Nazi, a 'patriotic' movement mainly concerned with such homely issues as stopping coloured immigration and enforcing law and order. The NF did make considerable gains, but began to lose some support once the Tories stole their clothes and the left started to hammer away at their fascist beliefs.

But today it's different. There are now a large number of experienced organisers in the middle ranks of fascist groups, and a polarisation among them in which the British Movement — which is probably the fastest-growing among the youth — is quite openly Nazi in its stance. Some of the people who were wearing dayglo badges and going to RAR gigs are now stomping black people and throwing bricks through families' windows.

And the left has retreated, has left anti-racist work on the back-burner. Where, two years ago, there were flourishing anti-racist committees in most cities and large towns and the ANL could claim tens of thousands of supporters, today many large cities have only the bones of a unified resistance left. In some cities anti-fascist committees have broken up into sectarian factions while in others, groups like the National Union of School Students, the Young Socialists, the Right to Work campaign or the Young Communist League have only a minimal presence.

The left has to take some of the blame for the decline in anti-racist work. We have to ask ourselves what sort of action can replace the violence and gang solidarity of the fascists, what political work can be done to force back the tide. In Sheffield the original School-



again



kids against the Nazis has grown into a flourishing NUSS which has staged occupations of an Army Recruiting Office and a job centre. The Right to Work marchers have set a marvellous example for all of us of what can be done.

But the left only takes a small part of the blame. Far more important have been the policies of Callaghan's and Wilson's governments in allowing the seeds of racism to flourish in the city centres, of providing the fertile soil of unemployment and no-hope, for allowing the police to ignore a long series of fascist bombings and attacks. And, it goes almost without saying, the policies of present government are creating just the very conditions in which slogans like 'British Jobs for British Workers' can seem credible instead of disgusting.

There are small signs of hope. A recent conference called by the Leamington Anti Fascist and Anti racist committee, attended by delegates from all over the country, agreed to make anti-racist work a much greater priority. In several parts of the country, black youths are getting together and mobilising themselves against fascist attacks. The Greater London Association of Trades Council's anti-racist conference last weekend is a sign of change in the labour movement, while the SWP's decision to throw more energy into anti-racist work is equally welcome.

But, in the meantime, the fascists are growing and will continue to do so as unemployment climbs. There is a pressing task of organisation and mobilisation to be done if they are to be defeated.

FOR RACE ANDNATION

NATIONAL SOCIALIST PARTY OF AMERICA

NORTH CAROLINA UNIT • P.O. BOX 27406 • RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA 27611

Dear Reubin,

Nice to be in touch with you again. Again you ask yourself. Why yes Rube old boy we're old adversaries of a sort. You probably know me by sight, I've paid quite a few visits into you're lovely little shop. Oh yes the familiar sight, you hunched behind the counter Roland hovering about, the odd bourgeois female flicking through some nonensicle paperback on working class solidarity in Chad, oh the scenes very familiar. The scene I've described above though is often shattered when we've visited, take the time when old Fred Harris came in(laught If I recall a bookstand accidently went flying. Perhaps the old bookshop is haunted by the ghos of Geo:rry, you know, or rather knew, him, his name was Swinson. Poor chap must have ridden that bycicle too much. Say Reubin why don't you buy a bycicle? Then there was that time with Peter Ne You don't like Peter do you Rube, come to think, of it Reubin you don't like his friend Andy Nel either' Your records went missing, you're till was urinated in, you're books were ripped, was'nt it terrible! If Irecall corectly the fascist police came to you're aid. Tut! Tut! you make a habit of enlisting the help of the 'tools of the system' police. Can't you defend yourself Reubin? From looking at the state of the 4th Idea it appears not. It's in worse shape than Blair Peach and is protected better than Fort Knox. One thing Reubin if you, or Tony Kinder, ever want free ventilati Let us know.

I'm having a good time over here with our American comrades, they're somewhat better armed than we are. Oh I wish you'd come over here Rube it would be nice to see y go the same way as the Greensboro five. Poor devils they made a pathetic attempt to oppose the NSP and Klan by force, they got more than they barganed for. You may have the same fate sooner than you think, let's face it Rube it's going to come to that in Britain soon. The question is wil you're people be able to handle it? How would you react if a handgrenade, for example, was tossed into the shop? More importantly how would you're strongmen(if they exist)react? You cant rely on the diggers forever you know. When it comes to the crunch how will you're 'black brothers' react? have in the Bradford area for example? Yes Reubin, when it gets to the stage where Nazi groups can attract the youth that's when you Jews had better start worrying. More and more young people just You know as much as me that the can't be mobilised effectivly. How many nigger activists do you could'nt give a shit how many Jews were gassed. They're fed up with it Reubin.

Anyway I won't go on too long. The letter is getting a little tedious. I might drop you another line later on or maybe when I eventually get back I'll pay you a personal visit (with some friends of course) you've had it easy lately haven't you. I'll keep in touch,

HEIL HITLER,

88!

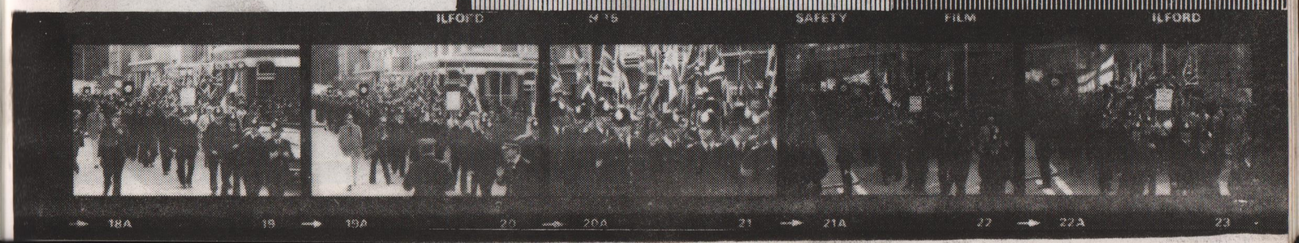
"MIGHTIER THAN THE TREAD OF MARCHING ARMIES IS THE POWER OF AN IDEA WHOSE TIME HAS COME." – Victor Hugo

Letter from America

THIS LETTER was sent to Reuben Goldberg at the 4th Idea Bookshop in Bradford. Reuben received it at the end of August and thinks that it was sent by one of a group of NF and BM members in an attack on the shop. 'Harris' is an ex National Front council candidate, who joined the Leeds-based British National Party, then returned to the NF and finally moved into the BM.

Harris went on a drunken spree with George Wright, formerly of the NF directorate, smashing windows at the 4th Idea, Bradford Community Relations office and several Asian shops after a Hitler birthday party. The 'Nelson' and 'Newby' mentioned in the letter have also been convicted of attacks on the shop.

The day after they got the letter, 4th Idea received a phone call saying "I'm gonna burn you to the fucking ground". Happily, they are still standing.



A lay person's guide to Britain's Goon Squads



The regular NF hierarchy: Derrick Day, Andrew Brons. Richard Verrall and big fat Martin Webster at a by-election rally for Day's candidature in East London

BRITAIN's far right and fascist groups are probably more split now than at any time in their history. This doesn't make them any less dangerous, though it does lose them electoral credibility. Here we present a brief guide to the main groups, their leaders, papers and 'philosophies'. More information is available from *Searchlight* magazine each month.

"If it is true that the National Front has no hope of gaining power under conditions that are stable economically, politically and socially, we should not be preoccupied with making ourselves 'respectable' under present conditions. We must appreciate that the image that we have been given by the media and which may well lose us some potential support today will be a positive asset when the streets are beset by riots, when unemployment soars, and when inflation gets even beyond the present degree of minimal control."

'Our plans for the 1980s'
NF Members' Bulletin, July '80

The British Movement

Openly and proudly fascist, the BM's great moment each year is its celebration of Hitler's birthday. Dressed in Nazi uniforms, their members sing marching songs and listen to recordings of speeches by Hitler and Goebbels. The BM was formed in 1968 by Colin Jordan. During the early seventies, it was eclipsed by the rise of the National Front; but recently, under the leadership of Michael McLaughlin, who has himself just come out of prison, the BM have been recruiting strongly, particularly among skinheads.

Last October the homes of BM members were raided after incendiary attacks on a Birmingham careers centre. Following the discovery of an arms cache, seven people now face trial at the Crown Court.

Their motto is 'For Race and Nation'; the 'Daily Telegraph' suggested recently that their membership was between 2 and 3,000. Their publications include 'The Phoenix' — 'Britain's only anti-Communist newspaper' — 'British Patriot', and 'British Tidings'.

McLaughlin's masterwork is 'For Those Who Cannot Speak', an epic pseudo-historical tome which attempts to show that the German Nazis were simply good patriots whose work has been deliberately distorted by the Jewish-controlled media.

Although some of their members have joint membership with the National Front, the BM is scathing about the way the NF is 'pandering to the Jews'. During the Front's recent split, 'British Tidings' wrote gleefully about NF leaders 'dipping their fingers in the till to an incredible extent', the 'homosexual corruption', and 'members and parents alleging homosexual assaults on children by prominent NF members'.

Among their more charming leaders is Leicester organiser Ray Hill, whose greatest propaganda coup was his recent issue of a leaflet about non-existent 'race riots' in Leicester, which was duly picked up and accepted wholesale by the 'Leicester Mercury'. Hill was photographed giving a Nazi salute at last June's international fascist festival at Diksmuide in Belgium.

The BM is probably the fastest growing fascist group at the moment. The competition is admittedly stiff, but they're probably the nastiest bunch too.

The League of St. George

The League attempts to be a rather smarter middle class fascist outfit than the rabble-rousers of the streets. Formed in 1974 by members of the Union Movement — descendants of Sir Oswald Mosley's British Union of Fascists — it is the most international of the British fascist groups, with links into Europe and America.

It's led by Keith Thompson, a former Mosleyite, and is based in Kensington. Its paper, the 'League Review', advertises films of Hitler's birthday parades and cassettes of 'non Stop Songs of the Brownshirts'. A classic League night out at Kensington Library last year featured a showing of 'Triumph of the Will', with guest of honour Roger Spinjwyn, a leader of the neo nazi Flemish VMO.

'Many of those present were so overcome', reports 'Searchlight', 'that they kept jumping to their feet with shouts of 'Heil Hitler' as they gave Nazi salutes. Others arrived dressed for the occasion in uniform and swastika armbands.'

The League tries to play an 'umbrella role' in coordinating fascist activity in this country: earlier this year League members were active in supporting the anti-Tyndall faction in the NF for control of Excalibur House.

Among the people they've invited to Britain recently have been David Duke, leader of the Ku Klux Klan, and Arnd Marz of the Wehrsportsgruppe Hoffman, the German nazi group who were implicated in the Munich bombing last month. They also maintain close links with FANE in France, responsible for the synagogue bombing on October 3rd; and NAR, which claimed responsibility for the bombing at Bologna railway station in August.

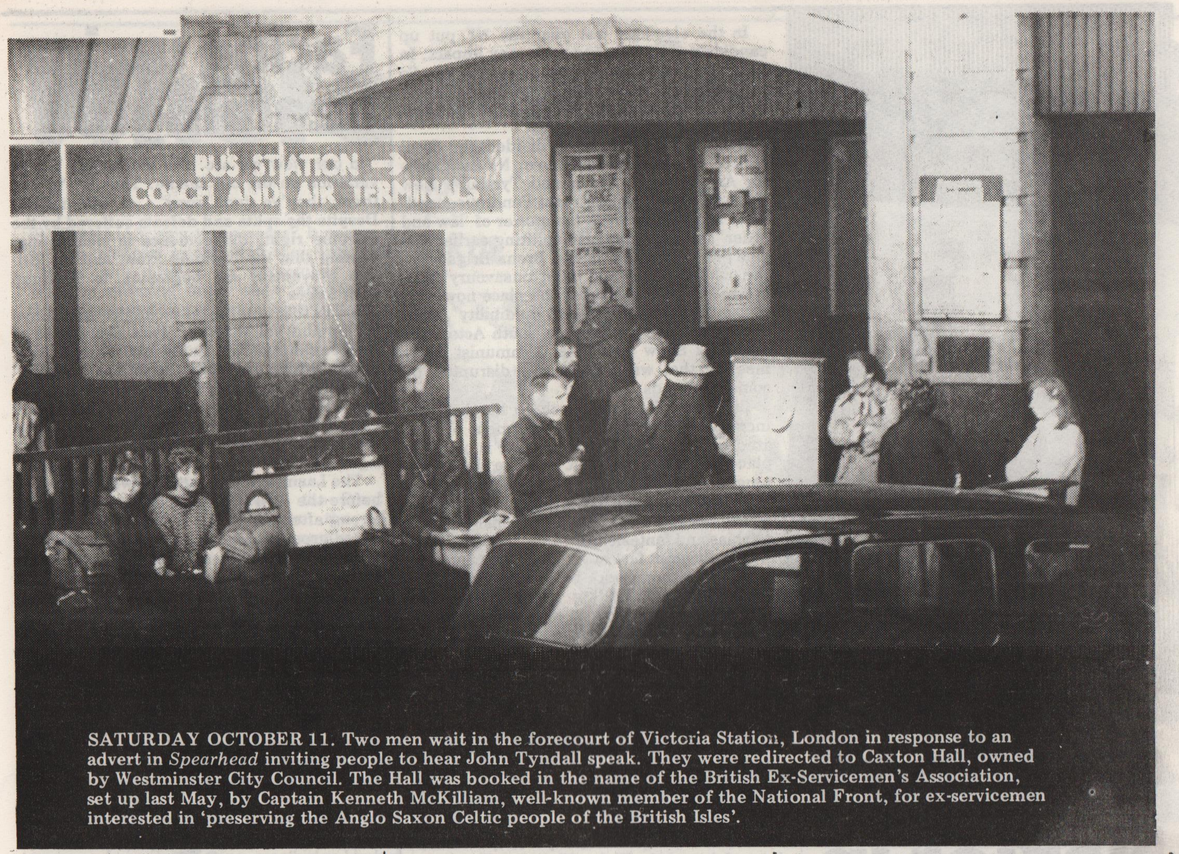
Stephen Brady is the League's Overseas Liaison Officer; earlier this year he was suspended from his job as a part-time teacher at Elthorne High School, Ealing, when it became clear that he had been convicted of assault but not declared it at his interview.

Senior Leaguer Tony Creese is currently circulating a letter round the loony right accusing the 'High ranking paramilitary commander' Brady of being involved in having him beaten up.

The Clarendon Club

Another 'upmarket' group is the Clarendon Club, which meets occasionally for supper discussions at posher London hotels. They met last March to hear 'historian' David Irving continue his defence of Hitler. Among those present were the League's Brady and Creese, former NF Directorate member Tony Webber, Ian Souter-Lawrence and Lucy Roberts, Hitler fan and German translator at





SATURDAY OCTOBER 11. Two men wait in the forecourt of Victoria Station, London in response to an advert in *Spearhead* inviting people to hear John Tyndall speak. They were redirected to Caxton Hall, owned by Westminster City Council. The Hall was booked in the name of the British Ex-Servicemen's Association, set up last May, by Captain Kenneth McKilliam, well-known member of the National Front, for ex-servicemen interested in 'preserving the Anglo Saxon Celtic people of the British Isles'.

the Ministry of Defence. Others at the meeting included Robin Rushton, a former Mosleyite whose insurance company advertises regularly in 'Police Review'.

Viking Youth

A direct descendant of the Hitler Youth, they were formed in Germany in the mid-50s and have since spread to many other European countries. Their leader is Paul Jarvis, member of the National Front and organiser of Nationalist Books Services, which supplies the works of Hitler and other fascist writers. Jarvis has a conviction for owning gas guns and is not a nice man.

The National Front

The biggest of them all, despite the splits and internal warmongering. The NF was formed in 1966 from the League of Empire Loyalists, the British National Party and sections of the Racial Preservation Society, under the leadership of A.K.Chesterton, Mosley's former secretary and biographer. The Front has now been going long enough to spawn its own second-generation fascists.

Since the Front's formation there has been continuous fighting in the Directorate, or executive committee, about who is to be fuhrer. The main contenders for the bristles of Hitler have been Chesterton; Andrew Fountaine, the Norfolk landowner and ex-Tory; John Tyndall, a long-term fascist with a prison record for firearms charges; Martin Webster, who emerged in 1962 as a Nazi wonder-boy; Anthony Reed-Herbert, Leicester solicitor and 'gentleman racist' who doesn't like to get his hands dirty; and finally Andrew Brons, Yorkshire lecturer, and Richard Verrall.

In June this year Tyndall finally gave up trying to persuade the others that he is the natural leader and that they ought to stop the disgusting practice of voting on the Directorate, all of which went against his version of the 'führerprinzip'.

Tyndall went off to form the **New National Front**, with a membership of perhaps 500: he retains control of 'Spearhead', the party paper, which claims in its September issue that they have 47 local units, comprising the majority of the old NF.

The 'old' National Front is now chaired by former National Socialist and BMer Andrew Brons, who has tried to give the Front a more 'thoughtful' image. But it's clear that Verrall and Webster make the running, particularly with the young skinhead members.

'Our youngsters may not yet be adequately trained or disciplined, but they keep our Union Jacks flying in the face of the red mob. We say to them welcome! We don't care how you cut your hair if your hearts are in the right place', the June issue of 'National Front News' trumpeted.

Officially within the National Front, there is a group called the **Constitutional Movement**, led by Andrew Fountaine. He is not very excited about the fixation of the NF leadership on the 'time bubble of Germany in the 1930s' and would rather that they emphasised the British rather than the German roots of the 'movement'. They produce 'Frontline News' and 'Excalibur', which recently expressed distaste for 'the skinheads and multi-coloured punks with their offensive dress, language and attitudes.' This old guard objects to both of the other groups. 'The political queers can happily follow Martin Webster; the political cranks can follow John Tyndall''. The CM represent only about 100 out of the 3,500 in the old N.F.

The last splinter off the old block is the **British Democratic Party** with Anthony Reed-Herbert in the saddle and a paper called 'British News'. They have about 800 members at present.

These splits do not seem to reflect any serious ideological differences — their newspapers are so similar that it is impossible to see any interesting variation in their recycled garbage; they seem to have about five people and three ideas between them. The differences seem to be tactical — how 'respectable' should they appear to be — and personal, or who will be the future fuhrer?

Column 88

By far the nastiest group of them all, Column 88 is the secret paramilitary grouping. It is thought to have up to 250 members, organised into small cells of roughly seven men each. One recent report suggests that once a cell reaches seven, it splits up into two and re-forms around the remaining three members. Column 88 members have been involved in armed attacks on left and black premises, and have trained together with European fascists. They take their name from the initials HH (i.e. Heil Hitler), the eighth letter of the alphabet, a potent symbol for many fascist groups. Currently lying low, their potential is more worrying than their reality.





Getting Nazier in Ealing

IN A QUIET street off Lady Margaret Road, Southall a Punjabi woman is helping to get her children to bed. Suddenly a brick comes through the window. Moving the children away, she carefully peers through the curtains and sees a small bunch of white youths disappearing down the street. She recognises one of the gang but does nothing immediately. She does not trust the police, does not know her neighbours too well and her husband is at work on a late shift.

Most of the racist activity takes place in areas like Greenford, Northolt and South Acton where there are big desolate estates with totally inadequate facilities especially for young people, housing mainly white people. Certain youth clubs and pubs are the focus for membership of the National Front, British Movement and Viking Youth. There is also a core of white racists in certain schools — Greenford High, Twyford (now sold to the Anglicans — who will convert this into something like a grammar school) and Cardinal Manning.

In the elections last year the NF put up candidates but failed to make any impact. In local elections they had done no better. So they began to turn to the streets and at many NF and BM marches the Ealing contingent was big and noticeable.

Splits in the NF have divided the local racists — James (Jock) Shaw, NF candidate for Argyle ward, has joined Tyndall's New National Front; while Ernest Pendrous, candidate for Walpole ward (supporter of 'law and order' and convicted of shoplifting earlier this year) has remained in the Brons Brigade — the old NF. These and other unsavoury characters seem to be all over the place now, trying to improve their 'street credibility'. Pendrous has been seen on the South Acton estate, Jock Shaw outside a Communist Party meeting that was temporarily disrupted by some skinheads.

But since the summer there has been an increase in activity, the harassment of isolated black people continues. NF is being replaced by BM and KKK and the slogans are tougher — 'Kill niggers', 'White Power' and 'All Jews must die'. The shift has been to straighter more traditional national socialist phobias and fantasies.

The different fascist groups also seem to be doing more homework before they attack — taking pictures, finding out addresses and shifting their attention to socialists and other anti-racists. Sometimes they make mistakes like attacking an off-duty policeman after they had followed some SWP members into a pub. Normally the police don't respond too rapidly or effectively to fascist attacks but that time they seem to have picked up about 10 youths.

In the Southall area the lack of police action has led to the formation of the Southall Campaign Against Racist Attacks. It is also sadly true that some groups of Asian youths have picked on isolated whites not involved in racist abuse. After almost a year, the ANL is organising again in the West London region and on October 16 a crowded meeting was held in a pub in West Ealing.

At this meeting details of one of the nastiest incidents came to light: Sunday, September 7, in the early hours of the morning, Windsor Road, Ealing. A dozen or so people, mainly local socialist activists, are relaxing at the end of small party. 'Bang' and the front door of the first floor flat bursts open. Three heavies march in and start to smash everything in sight. Some people manage to get out of the window, others to get away next door or into the bathroom. The heavies wore British Movement badges and threatened to kill all 'reds' and 'nigger-lovers' as well as all 'coons', 'pakis' and the like.

The hit squad was not local and is thought to have been bussed in from South London: some of the back up team of 10 in the street and hallway were recognised. After a few minutes, an Asian at the party had his hand slashed by a kitchen knife and a white friend had been beaten about the head by a typewriter. A third friend had just been beaten up. Someone who got out had called the police and when they arrived all the thugs disappeared. The police would not bring charges themselves but they said that if anyone attacked wanted to bring a private prosecution they were welcome to do so, provided they found out the name and address of their attackers. The man with the knife wound needed 9 stitches and the one with a battered head needed about 16.

Facing up in Leamington

"In our view we are now witnessing a new variation on the old theme. That is: 'ignore them, they've gone away'... It will not do! Despite the splits and defeats suffered by the extreme right, the evidence is clearly suggesting that the National Front and the British Movement are beginning to re-group their forces".

It was that letter in 'Searchlight' from Clive Gilson and Val Wheeler, Joint Secretaries of the Leamington Anti Racist Anti Fascist Committee, which originally caught the 'Leveller' collective's eye, and those of 75 other activists. A couple of weeks ago the Leamington comrades sponsored a conference to discuss the fascist resurgence. The fight-back started right there.

The Leamington Committee was set up well before the Anti Nazi League, and it remains strong after the ANL's decline. It's a broad-based group which has set itself the target of consistent campaigning rather than simply responding to events. Its six point programme commits it to opposing all forms of racism and to 'exposing the real nature of the fascist parties and their dangers to the labour movement'.

Because Leamington's a small town, most of the left know each other socially and the committee has been able to avoid sectarian squabbles and present a united front. Its regular 'Newsletter' sells over a thousand copies every month — about half of them on door-to-door sales around council estates. Committee activists leaflet an estate first, then go in with the paper. About one in ten will buy it, very few are actively hostile. Over a period of time they've built up a regular network of contact and informants.



The Committee has broad-based support from the town and is supported by the Liberal and Labour Parties, the Trades Council, eight individual union branches, the Indian Workers' Association and a couple of student unions. A number of individuals, including a dozen councillors, are also supporters.

When ANL started out in 1977 some Anti Racist committees felt the League would disappear again as soon as that wave was over. Leamington's anti-racist activists argue that it's their independence that has allowed them to avoid the fate of ANL and remain a strong and steady force in the area.



Where are they now?



IS IT REALLY only three years? It seems it was in another world that the Anti Nazi League was formed in September 1977. Workers groaning under state labourism of the Callaghan-Murray strain were just starting, in small numbers, to heed the radical fascist rallying cries of Webster and Tyndall. In rather greater numbers young workers could hear the left, and in the Summer of Carnivals, 1978, and the industrial militancy of the following winter, hundreds of thousands joined in events, national and local, organised by the ANL and the Anti-Racist/Anti-Fascist movement.

It's all different now. With the Front's failure in the May 1979 election, the ANL quite consciously slipped into neutral, sat back and watched the NF organisation tear itself apart. And activists in local CARFs, aware that the hard core of fascists were lying low, took themselves off to fight Thatcher, the cuts, the Corrie Bill and nukes.

There was rather too much of a "job well done" feeling about. The ANL cornered much of the credit for the failures of the Front. The fascists themselves said so, after all. But we should have understood what was going on better than them, and only now are we realising that it wasn't just us that beat them, and that their bacteria were breeding away all the time.

So the ANL is being revived, with fresh activities, posters, leaflets and demos about to come from its steering committee, based on a fresh analysis of their revival.

It was, after all, the Tories that stole the NF's votes in May 1979. Nationalism, law and order and a thinly-veiled racism were Thatcher's appeals, and millions responded. Badly as the NF did, its candidates beat left party candidates in every seat, even Southall.

Thatcherism was radical then. Now it isn't. Look at it from a fascist's viewpoint: what's nationalist about the EEC, about opening the floodgates to let out capital, about allowing cheap imports, about — yes — watering down the Tory right calls for a complete ban on immigration and the easier removal of blacks and Asians, and about fiscal policies that create high unemployment?

So the fascist revival is now more Nazi: the pretence of constitutionalism, the embarrassment of the NF leaders' Nazi pasts has been dropped. There's nothing "past" about them now.

But what kind of state is the left in to fight them?

To repeat 1978 the ANL would have to hit again the magic combination of style and content, of politics, music and fashion. It won't do that. For a lot of "anti-establishment" white youth now style is street violence; fascist activity on this level is not "organised" in the way the left tends to assume all activity must be. It has nothing whatever to do with quarrels between Tyndall and Webster.

The ANL steering committee is well aware of this. A draft statement put to its meeting yesterday (Tuesday) recognised that "the scale of campaigning will not be on the scale of 1977-9".

It also points out that whether the Nazis are successful in organising on a larger scale will depend not just on anti-nazi activity but also on "the scale of response to Tory government attacks on working people. If the response is muted or fragmented it will be easier for the NF to exploit feelings of powerlessness and frustration".

"Much more important (than the split in the NF) is that social and economic conditions are again favourable to the growth of fascist ideas. Unemployment is (rising and) it is in those areas such as the West Midlands and the South East that have traditionally experienced relative prosperity which are now the hardest hit".

Propaganda therefore will "put forward a more positive view of activity against some of the causes of the recession", says the ANL's new full-time co-ordinator, Pete Alexander, the SWP's former West London organiser. "The arguments will change because the situation has changed. Nazi propaganda has become more concerned with economic questions and high unemployment, and we have to counter it".

There will also be a renewal of activity around the areas where Nazi mould is breeding: on the football terraces and in the discos. Back, in fact, to the territories that were fought over last time. And there will be the counter-mobilisations every time the Nazis assemble.

But though the arguments have changed, the organisation will not. The composition will remain the loosely united front it always has been, and the better-thought-out politics don't mean that the SWP, which has always supplied the organisational impetus at national and some local levels, will be trying to keep the ANL on a tighter rein. "There is no intention to narrow the political base by putting forward statements that are unacceptable to people who have been involved in the ANL", Pete Alexander says. Brian Clough, the Bishops and left MPs will be getting their sponsorship forms again.

So the ANL will continue to be a purely reactive set-up; where the Nazis go, we try to get there first. But they are calling the shots. As the statement concludes: "By its nature the ANL is bound to be an organisation that ebbs and flows. The fortunes of the Nazis themselves fluctuate. We are entering a period of increased Nazi activity that requires a response".

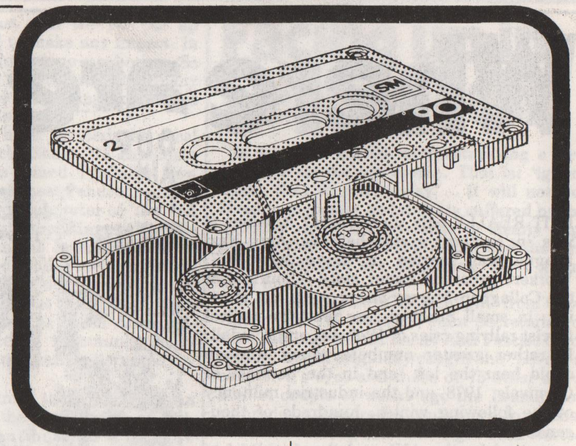
This can't be the limit of anti-racist activity. The ANL won't be able to fight racism where black people experience it: on the streets from police, at work, in housing, and from the state. Local CARF activists and trade union militants have got to do that, and the positive sign from the national anti-fascist conference in Leamington on October 18, more important than the revival of the ANL itself, was that there is still the core of activity in most areas.

It's going to be hard work. It won't be as glam as 1978, because we are in a different world. But CND has picked itself up off the ground; why not the ANL?



C30·C60·C90 DIY!

While record sales in Britain are falling, independent cassettes — recorded on minimal equipment and distributed independently of the major record companies — are enjoying an unprecedented boom. *Russ Bravo*, who with his band *The Jumble Factory* has produced his own cassette album *Exploiting The Sponge*, reports.



WHAT DO you do when you get fed up with a record? You can't use it all over again, and if you can't sell it to one of your mates or to a second hand record shop, you're stuck with it. The advantages of the cassette tape by far outweigh its disadvantages. It's neat, light, far less likely to go wrong, cheaper, easier to store, and, most important of all, you can simply erase what you've got fed up with, and record something else over the top. Herein lies the great appeal of independent tapes — you don't commit yourself to anything. If you don't like the tape, you can simply rub it off and forget about it, while if it does hit the target, you've discovered some new music which you might never have stumbled across.

From the band's point of view, the cassette tape is the ideal way of getting your music across to a wider audience at minimal cost to yourselves or them. You both have everything to gain. One important point is that it gets your name known — even if someone doesn't send off for your tape there's a fair chance that they may remember your name. Most of the music papers provide some space for independent cassettes, and you're almost guaranteed to have someone or other write to you for yours.

Of course the quality varies, both in the recording and the music — but it's much more exciting waiting to see what a totally unknown small band can deliver, than waiting for the next tediously predictable Police single. This attitude seems to be creeping into the Top 40 recently. Almost every week there's a new band knocking the super-groups out, as the latter can no longer be certain of good sales. Since 1976, the small band has been on the up and up, and with the recession and the ridiculous price of gigs, more and more people are turning to independent cassettes, local bands in pubs for a quid or less, and 'illegal' taping (but that's another story!).

The cassette serves as the ideal medium for the part time bands, musicians, non-musicians or, come to that, anyone with ideas. It needn't take up much time or money, and will only be as good as you're prepared to make it. Why shouldn't you have a go? When it comes down to it, DIY tapes are about music, not money. Which of the two can you afford?

Living without vinyl...

***Cassette Survival* Fanzine's guide to how to do it yourself**

Alright, you're a total obscuro and you can't afford to make a record . . . or else you know no-one would buy it because your music's too weird. For a capital outlay of between £30 and £60 you can have 50 copies of your cassette to spread around. If you've got access to two tape recorders of decent quality, at least one of which is a cassette deck, then you can duplicate cassettes yourself, buying blank tapes whenever necessary or, like Deleted Records among others, getting people to send you blanks. There are commercial bureaux that duplicate cassettes but they work out expensive for short runs.

You can approach the problem of recording by whatever means are available to you. The Blank Space cassette is totally unrivalled in its amazing crisp, clear and beautiful sound, but even at £2.50 I doubt they will ever recover the money spent on 4 and 8 track recording studios. *Debasement Tapes* by Missing Persons was done by overdubbing from one cassette machine onto another, and represents the ideal for which all other cassettes should strive. It's possible to make a cassette sounding as good as this with modest equipment, so get on with it. Obviously you've got to express your own identity on tape, but noise plus distortion equals boredom and non-communication. The apparatus used to record the first Deleted Cassette, *Radio Silence*, cost about £10 (excluding the tape recorder).

If you want to sell your cassettes, Rough Trade will take a handful of copies off you, but remember that they need a decent profit margin (rent, rates, electricity, wages etc.) to survive. Apart from that, do it yourself. If you release a number of cassettes, your mail-order operation will need to be somewhat sensible. Get some cardboard boxes to put your incoming mail into. Write on each envelope the date of arrival so no-one's kept waiting because you hadn't realised how long you'd had their letter.

A bank account will be useful to cash cheques and postal orders into, although you can manage without one by asking people to send you uncrossed postal orders or cheques made out to your name (personal account). If you want a business account, your bank manager will want to see your certificate of business registration, which you get by writing to: Registry of Business Names, Companies House, 55-71 City Road, London EC2Y 1BB.

It's worth the effort to include a decent sleeve with the cassette, and labels aren't a bad idea either. We glue labels on cassettes with rubber solution (which gives off an invigorating vapour while you work) and which doesn't make the labels wrinkle when they dry.

We do 200 sleeves at a time because bulk photocopying works out much cheaper in the long run . . . but only do it if you're confident of your cassette selling that many copies. But unless it's total crap (you'd be surprised how many crap cassettes are available right now) you should be OK. But be patient. In our first three months of operation, we only sold one cassette; a year later we did over 360 in the same period. It takes a while for the word to get around, that's all.

To obtain a copy of *Cassette Survival*, write to: **Protag, Low Farm, Brigg Road, Messingham, Scunthorpe, South Humberside, DN17 3RH.** Another cassette magazine which has appeared recently is *Strange Sounds*. Issue No.1 is available from: **Un-Ltd Abilities, c/o Gordon Hope, 24 Cowper Mount, Leeds LS9 7BB.** Also out now is an information list with details of most 'Bedroom Tapes'. SAE to: **Luxury Soundrax, 30 Knot Lane, Walton-le-Dale, Preston, Lancs.**

We couldn't list all the cassettes available ourselves — the magazines mentioned above are useful and informative there — but here's a small selection. Thanks to everyone who sent in cassettes or information.

Performing Ferret Band: The Ferretable Thing, and Stark: Insanity is only a Hairsbreadth Away £1 (plus 15p p&p) each from: Dead Hippy Tapes, 19 Westmoreland Road, Maidstone, Kent

Distinctive Drone: Soundtrack of Existence, and Druids of Distinction: Parasites of Heaven £1 from: Clockwork Addition, 42 Antrim House, Bow, London E3

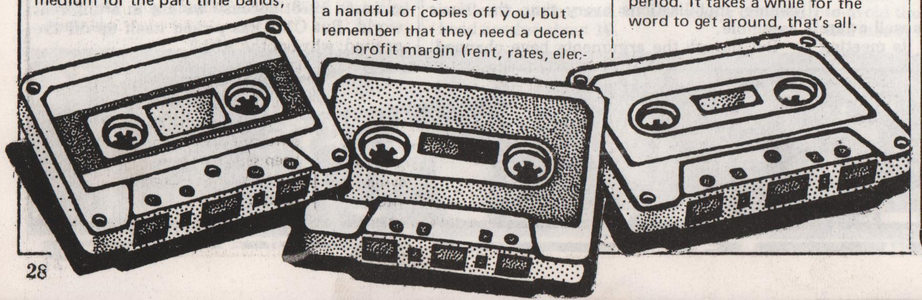
New Model Army, 5 track cassette, £1.20 from: Aries Enterprises, 166 New Cross Street, West Bowling, Bradford 5

Russ Bravo and the Jumble, Factory: Exploiting the Sponge. Blank Tape and SAE to: Bric A Brac Productions, 36 Nutley Crescent, Goring, Worthing, Sussex.

Genetic Mistake: Looking Forward to a Genetic Future 17 track cassette LP, £1 from: Strychnine, Kenmar High St, Swineshead, Boston, Lincs.

Blank Space Tour: C60 featuring Blank Space, The Lines, 2AM, the Androids of Mu. £1.50 plus 30p p&p from: Cosmic, 49c Cathnor Road, Shepherd's Bush, London W12

Paul A. Wells & Gordon A. Hope: Aural Assault C60 £1 or blank tape and SAE from: Un-Ltd Abilities, c/o Gordon Hope, 24 Cowper Mount, Leeds LS9 7BB





Andrew Ratcliffe

The Passage outside Anderton's Hall. Left to right: Andrew Wilson, Joey McKechnie, Dick Witts, Lizzy Johnson

Music

THE PASSAGE: Pindrop (Object Records)

SOMETIMES, as the needle settles into the groove, a record will provoke that rare sensation, the shock of the new. I listened to 'Pindrop' with just that feeling of excited discovery. Startling new instrumental textures support and illuminate some of the best lyrics I've heard. In the course of the album, a strange landscape unfolds; the Britain of Chief Constable James Anderton and the nuclear family, observed under a light of uncanny clarity. The shock is in the recognition, the novelty in the precision.

The band's line-up is itself a radical break with tradition. Guitars are dispensed with in favour of the organ — not the sloppy Brian Auger style sub-blues or high-tech synth that pass for keyboard playing in most bands — but that jagged modern-classical organ music you hear wandering into Coventry Cathedral of a lunchtime. It complements the loping, unpredictable bass, exotic percussion and speech-like but expressive vocals perfectly. (It's nice, too, to see women employed as *musicians*, without fuss or singer/sex symbol status, but simply as members of a band.)

The music breaks the traditional verse-loop-verse structure which so often gets imposed regardless of its appropriateness to the subject matter, and which can lull the listener into a false complacency. Where choruses (of a kind) exist, the device is subverted. They come back just when you don't expect them, get cut off abruptly, pose awkward questions or, like the references to a love affair spliced between the description of unemployment in '16 Hours', leap up disconcertingly like a suppressed thought in another situation. Imposed structures are avoided; the songs follow instead the logic of observation.

Nervy, wistful, mysterious and aggressive in unsettling succession, the songs deal with power, love, the state, frustration and powerlessness. *Tell us who owns this place,* demand the interrogators in 'Fear': *You're free to go if you answer Love again/But we said/FEAR/That one word fucked their heart.*

That question and answer game informs the whole album; the lies on which society is built, and the fear that those in power have of the truth are themes that run through most of the songs. 'Troops Out' — no crude polemic this — deals in a witty conversational manner with the wall of propaganda surrounding the subject of Northern Ireland: *It's funny every TV comic jokes about the Taigs/You never hear them laugh about the loyalist brigades . . .* 'Hunt' is a piece of chilling night music, all twinkling percussion, the heart of the album in which the problem receives its most succinct expression: *Even hunters fear the horn.*

'Anderton's Hall' is suburban Manchester (or anywhere else for that matter), all leisurewear and *meals, Disneyland, love*, the life choked out of it. Bleak ballad vocals yearning but powerless to break out.

But this is no indulgent, defeatist dole-queue rock. Here are anger and frustration, but here also is a way out, if we choose to take it: *But there are places/Where time isn't counted like coins.* The whispered statement in 'Locust' breaks like a smuggled message into a closed world. The decision, though, is ours. The final track is entitled 'Prelude': *Where in the world are we going?/It all depends if you want to move on.*

This is where we begin.

Chris Schuler

NO COWBOYS: No Cowboys (Spec Records)

THE MAIN REASON for buying a record is either through a friend who's taste you respect or a chance listening over a coffee or something else. Given the urge to pay out scarce resources, you look around for a cheap offer, often a pound or more off.

Of course the rich and powerful, as usual, score in all these areas. They get air time, print space, backs of buses, the lot — and the cheap offers after they come on the market; mediocrity dictates the scene. To spend vast amounts of money on unknown sounds or truly original sounds would be suicide. People come to expect only gradual change.

Something that is truly different came in the post from Spec Records the other day. Unless albums are really bad they get played more than once. 'No Cowboys' nearly failed to make the second round.

On the first spin it came over as just self-indulgent bedroom/basement sounds. Put it back on the shelves and write a short, condemning review. It had enough, though, to get me to play it again. The randomsounds, changing rhythms with an occasional squeak of a harmonica and head reverberating on the bed stead. This combines with well thought out use of the ever popular synthesiser and, to my surprise, it all seems to work.

Susan Gogan's vocals, shouting, talking and other sounds that would once have been taken for singing seem to hold and indeed intensify your interest until nothing sounds random anymore. And so I changed from a negative to a positive attitude and began to enjoy No Cowboys because like new things should, it makes you question your existing values. I didn't like the sound at the first play for exactly the same reason, because its easier to weigh things up with existing knowledge rather than adding to that knowledge. Sorry to preach but at a time when revivalist music is continually making inroads into popular taste, it does need saying. Nostalgic rehashes solve nobody's problems, teach us nothing, takes us nowhere. I believe this album does push forward. I intend to play it many more times.

Rob George

KILLING JOKE: Killing Joke (Malicious Damage Records)

CARDS on the table; Public Image, Joy Division and the Banshees loom large among my musical preferences, so I'm predisposed to like this album. Harsh, off-key chording, distorted vocals, muffled cries and strange noises in the background build up an impressive musical picture of fear and alienation, while frantic drumming and demented funk rhythms keep it moving, never allowing it to fall into static pessimism. This is dance music.

But the adjectives that spring to mind in describing Killing Joke raise a question relevant to many bands around today. To what extent do these sullen young men and women striving to depict the violence and absurdity of contemporary life invite the listener to revel in it? I can't answer this question, but I think it should be borne in mind. If this grey area interests or excites you, take care to retain your critical faculties; if it puts you off, avoid Killing Joke like the plague.

Chris Schüler

Singles listings

THE DEMONS dropped in one afternoon and gave us a copy of their first single, **Action by Example.** Released by Crypt Music, it has the rare distinction of a first line lifted intact from Patti Smith. Alice Cooper is their hero — "I use all his routines," the singer told us. "None of the kids remember them so they think they're new". Exciting graveyard music and well worth a night out to see them. The **MYSTERE V's (No Message/Shake Some Action [Flicknife Records])** got their name 'cos you can't tell who they are. Contract reasons, so we're told, the persons unknown being pissed off with use and abuse by their normal record companies. Bland, competent music, a bit Police-ish. I'd have thought they could have done better.

TV21: Playing with Fire/Shattered by it all.

TV21: Ticking Away/This is Zero/Ambition (Live EP) (Powbeat Records) Nice stuff, crisp clean pop music, if a little too like **Secret Affair** to be original. The live EP shows more confidence and adventurousness.

1*2*3*: Cocks and Lions/Definite Paradise/Zip Nolan (JSO Records) *'In 1965, in a field in Cheshire, the Kenyon Brothers discovered a giant toadstool measuring 15" across the cap. In 1979, in North London, 1*2*3* was formed.'* Eh?

METHODISCHA TUNE: Leisuretime/The Twee Googs (Eustone Records) Sounds like Scritti Politti to me.

DAYSHIFT: Cedric Wazza Superstar/Yeah Eh Oh Yeah Oh/Living in the the UK. (Wot Records) And this bunch claim to have influenced the Scrits. They adopt a 'deliberately retrogressive style in order to show that you don't have to have the latest technology to make music'. Hmm...

BURNS-PERRY: Music Death/You cry your tears (NB Records) Cheer up, Mark, it ain't as bad as all that.

LUDUS: My Cherry is in Sherry/Anatomy is not Destiny

Thanks to everyone who sent in records or press releases; keep sending them in, and we'll review as many as possible in future.

Rob George and Chris Schuler





Cutting up women: Angie Dickenson attacked in a shower in *Dressed to Kill (above)*, while Shelley Duvall is menaced by her husband's axe in *The Shining (left)*.

Films

HORROR films are fashionable and have shed their B-movie image. While we expect, perhaps, sophistication and an awareness which would extend to the challenges of the women's movement from directors like Stanley Kubrik and Brian de Palma — whose films have found critical respect — *Jane Root* and *Pat Murray* found that their latest films, while they thrill and terrify us, also legitimise male violence against women, arousing and titillating male sexuality in a vicious, sadistic, way. They found the films to be part of the male backlash against the growing power of the women's movement.

THE BRITISH opening of *The Shining*, Stanley Kubrick's new film has been greeted with all the usual display of media excess reserved for Great Directors.

The reviewers who glorify in cinematic conspicuous consumption have carefully noted the time and money spent (three years, with over a hundred takes for some shots), while gently panning the film for its over-acting, dubious plot and incoherent narrative.

What these reviews have ignored is that *The Shining* is not simply the work of a past master who has lost his edge but also a grossly exploitative and sadistic film. It must be discussed in terms of its role in legitimising the victimisation of women rather than the hushed and respectable phrases of *auteur* criticism.

The plot, briefly, is that a blocked writer turned caretaker (Jack Nicholson) takes his wife (Shelley Duvall) and son (Danny Lloyd) to a vast and empty hotel in the Rocky Mountains for the winter knowing that his predecessor hacked his wife and children into small pieces with an axe. Within fifteen minutes we realise that Nicholson and son are beset by 'traces' of the atrocity, and thereafter the film slavishly follows the possessed Nicholson's attempt to duplicate the crime.

This simple plot can be read as an almost classical lesson in the ways that films can oppress women, as the audience in a highly suggestible state of near-panic, is subtly manipulated into believing that women are stupid, pathetic and deserve what comes to them

Throughout the film Mrs Torrence (Shelley Duvall) provokes aggression with her passivity as she cringes and snivels, clutching a wet hankerchief. She has no job, no interests (except ghost stories) and has been transported into the middle of nowhere to resuscitate her husband's career. Under pressure she becomes a non-person, a cipher for the abject fear which produces incapacity — the type of terror most of us could exhibit but which in most films is always shown as a specifically female responses. The gains she does make are almost always presented as the result of accident or her male child, who becomes amazingly resourceful in the same situations.

Against Duvall's realistically acted horror is the Mr Hyde Nicholson, a larger than life Grand Guignol sterotype complete with Quasimodo limp and maniacal cackle. Kubrick has also makes him amusing, encouraging us to release our tension by laughing with him *at her.* The audience convulses at his baby-talk imitation of her stuttering terror. She is annoying and weak, while he is terrible with theatrical panache.

The plot structure further encourages us to dismiss her (and by extension all women) by tricking us into feeling that Mrs Torrence is profoundly ignorant. At a particularly crucial moment drama is provided by her forgetting how to open a door — rather than the door sticking as it might for a male character. The reasons for her husband's madness are obvious to the child and to us in the audience, but not to the unfortunate Mrs Torrence, who is continually placed in the position of not understanding what we have known for several minutes. From our priviledged position we know what she must do, where she must go and why her actions are tantamount to suicide. Strung with tension we want to hiss 'God, *NO*, you stupid bitch, *THINK*' just as the man next to me did. At the woman's expense we are given the thrill of being right, of knowing more, of having male power, since Kubrick's movie, unlike Hitchcock's art, operates by gratifying our expectations rather than playing off and with them

As the camera follows her tortuous steps into blind alleys we castigate her rather than her husband who has been transformed into an irresponsible killing machine. She becomes the one we blame for everything, just as woman is the enemy for Torrence and his ghostly cohorts.

We rarely see shots from her point of view, since rejecting usual methods, Kubrick has replaced her part in the construction of the film with a mysteriously intrusive camera. We see how she reacts, rather than the way things look to her. This device allows the camera to zoom sharply in on her small acts of violence, almost shocking us more with them than Torrence's expected barbarity.

It is hardly new to see women presented as a pathetic but spiteful stereotype. What is disturbing however, is that Kubrick's position as respectable director has closed people's minds to the noxious elements that are mercifully recognised in exploitation flicks like *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* (a film to which *The Shining* bears more than a passing resemblance).

In our society violence against women is not just conducted by unknown lunatics in dark streets — it is institutionalised and normalised, even by such supposedly 'neutral' areas as film making technique. Sanctified by BBC-2, *The Shining* contributes to the ritualisation of subordination at least as much as snuff movies and sado-masochistic pornography.

Jane Root



Hanna Schygulla as Maria Braun

THERE IS a man with a very deep husky voice who makes a killing doing macho advertisement voice-overs: male cosmetics and especially horror movies. He has a new one playing at the moment in the London area. It's for Brian de Palma's **Dressed to Kill**, and above the swishing and slashing of the cut-throat razor, tearing through a woman's flesh, he intones . . . "fear is back in fashion".

It's a good ad for a film that justifies the use of violence to push women back into sexually inactive roles which many of us had hoped were no longer 'fashionable'.

The film is ostensibly about a transexual who goes around savagely bumping off 'sexually aggressive' women who proposition him, arousing the male sexuality which he is in the process of rejecting. Apart from totally misrepresenting the psychological traumas of transexuals, the film uses this cover to display violence against sexually active women.

The fact that the first victim has sexual fantasies about satisfying love-making rather than the bump and grind dictatorship that prevails in her marriage is also woven into the matrix. And the second (intended) victim is a lively, enthusiastic and wholly guiltless prostitute, who threatens even the male economic order by (apparently successfully) playing the stock market with her earnings.

'Dressed to Kill' is one among a glut of Hollywood films now doing the rounds which have this alarming 'moral' thread running through their fabric. They are the product of latter-day 'madonna and the whore' revivalists employing fear of violence to bring the non-believers back into position.

The turn-out to these films is so big that they're money-spinners to be repeated; the guise may vary but we're in for more of the same. The violence is already horrifyingly explicit so the only 'improvement' to be made is the more purposeful use of it, to slip fear back into the pursuance of sexual gratification . . . among women.

The problem women face is exposing the thinking behind the films. It is obvious from the flimsy line of 'Dressed to Kill' that is makers are aware that violence against women has to have some rationale to appeal to. A film simply about men gratuitously attacking women would not be shown. Some phoney psychology has to be laid on top to get it past the censors, to make it publicly acceptable. So they rely on a variation on the old theme that sexual permissiveness among women is punishable.

What frightens women watching this propaganda is: how much of a male need are these films relating to . . . how many men feel resentful of the female appetite to the extent that they will respond to the cult of women-punishing films? And most importantly, how much male violence against 'liberated' women are they provoking?

It is beginning to be recognised by American feminists that the films are a response, if belated, to the women's movement; the unlocking of women from the models of womanhood they have previously been contained in by male culture.

To this extent, these films can be seen as a measure of the success of the women's movement. But these cheap attempts to threaten women back into the bargain of motherly passivity in exchange for protection need to be exposed everywhere the films are shown, and the film-makers revealed for the mentally and socially bankrupt Victorians they are. There are moves in the States by women to have such films banned as incitement to violence against women. But it is the hand behind the film that needs to be nailed.

Pat Murray

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder.

I WENT to see this with a friend who'd had a hard day at work. About half way through the film I began to worry about her falling asleep because it wasn't the light, frivolous but lefty film I'd been led to expect by a combination of stripper-image advertisements and reverential tones adopted by lefties when talking about Fassbinder.

It was hard work — almost like being presented with a list of topics for discussion — and it only began to gel for me in the second half. It gave us plenty to talk about and some images which will recur for a long time.

To us the film seemed to be about several things:

The emptiness of life in post-war Germany. The whole sensory effect of the film emphasised this. Spacious interiors, lives crossing at random, spurts of human emotion in ruined surroundings, conversations over the sound of road drills.

The position of women in capitalist boom times

Maria makes it. She gets an executive job; makes friends, money, has affairs. Her sister-in-law stays at home and eats too much, envies Maria, gets depressed. Maria's mother doesn't get depressed — she takes the crumbs

The myth of the happy marriage. Maria's full, successful life is, for her, a way of filling in the time until her marriage can start in earnest when her husband is released, first from prisoner of war camp and then from prison. She saves herself and her money for the institution of marriage — for a man she believes she loves although they only had a day-and-a-half together. The thing is, she's doing more living than most people around her and more giving but it doesn't count as real. Not even her amazing relationship with a black GI — beautifully and sensitively depicted — him she's fond of, but its her husband she truly loves.

Deferred gratification. Saving for the future. That's what both Maria and her husband are doing all through the film — and for what?

Men and money rule. At the end, Maria discovers that her life has been controlled after all. She thought she was making all the decisions, doing the saving, but in a fantastic final twist to the film we realise that both her husband and her employer have been treating her as a commodity all along. Ultimately men have all the power — a point reinforced by the procession of post-war Chancellors which ended the film.

Chris Stretch

THE ELEPHANT MAN. Anthony Hopkins, John Hurt, John Gielgud, Wendy Hiller, Anne Bancroft.

THE FILM is based on the life of John Merrick, the 'elephant man', who was able to enjoy a few years of relative happiness before he died, aged 27. Suffering from an incurable disease which caused him to be so horribly deformed that society had no place for him, he is, at the beginning of the film, a pathetic side-show attraction in the East End of London.

People pay to see him, they scream with horror, cover their eyes; they pay to watch him stand, sit down and turn around — he is a freak of nature, more pitiable and grotesque than any trained, underfed performing monkey.

He is found by chance by a young surgeon, Frederick Treeves, who defies hospital rules and fights for the right to give a hospital room to such an incurable case as his. Looked after, and treated as a human being, the elephant man even becomes accepted by London society.

Set in Victorian London, filmed in black and white, vivid images convey the squalor of the times. Rolling clouds, surrealist bare skylines have that nightmarish quality of monochrome. Artistic licence allows for scenes of added horror and of added 'romantic' compassion. The elephant man is a hideous misfit with a noble character. The rich and the important learn to love him, and, near the end, he is accepted and helped by his own kind, those poor, travelling misfits of society.

Mary Shelley's Frankenstein created a monster who *was* human, and, because of his physical deformity, forever outlawed to a life on the outside of humanity. The story of the elephant man leaves us on a more optimistic note — there is cruelty, poverty and ugliness in life, but compassion and humanity rules, if you are lucky. *Jane Critchley*

Theatre



Gorbals Diehard Theatre Group presenting *Brick*

BRICK by Gorbals Diehard Theatre Group, John Mains Community Centre, Glasgow.

NEVER let it be said that radical, satirical theatre is dead. It is alive and well and thriving in the Gorbals. The recent production by a youthful band of players is proof of that.

The Gorbals Diehards' production of Brick will take you through the Gorbals schooling system with Miss Yackbody lecturing on 'culture' into the stultifying reality of a life on the dole.

With appropriate music from Pink Floyd, 7:84, Tom Robinson Band and Matt McGinn we learn, with a visitor from outer space, what it means to live in the community of the Gorbals in 1980. We see how 'school' did indeed 'teach me to write my name, recite the answers, stand in line, be on time . . . which wasn't much training for a life on the dole'.

We see how Mr Prospect, the careers adviser, can demand that children have hope, faith and charity when it comes to searching for jobs. We see how his demands, to the backing of 'coats off for Britain', fall on stony ground once the whole class meets at the dole queue.

We learn that the planning authority have designs on the local old oak tree and church ground for their motorway, so to the backing of 'They're going to build a motorway through my backgarden' the young unemployed try to reason it all out.

What is the connection between useless schooling, unemployment and planning authority vandalism? What binds it all together? The play traces their discovery of the links and their proposed fightback: Up against the wall.

The script emerged from two months of improvisation sessions and workshops and was compiled by one of the two drama trained members. All the other members had been sent to the project through the Manpower Services. And it is that fact more than any other that gives this new energetic group of players credibility. The lives on stage are their lives. The hopes and fears are theirs. Each actor creates each part for him/herself. And writing was therefore a communal affair.

Malcolm Knight and Annette Staines have achieved what many professional theatre companies would dearly love to acquire — a theatre of the people written by the people and for the people.

The magic of that continuum was obvious throughout the three days of performance. More than 300 people packed the Community Centre each night and translated the words on stage into their lives. They knew what each thought, act and word was about. The small children at the front began to help the actors with annoying tactics for Miss Yackbo Yackbody 'Throw it at her, Glenda' 'Shut up her Knickers, go on girl'. The actors' contemporaries egged Podgy, MacFadgeon and gang on. And they were the ones who had booed the American drama group offstage just ten minutes into their performance two months ago.

So it is no small feat that a group of previously unemployed, and untrained youngsters can come together and perform for three nights to capacity audiences, and show that radical theatre, theatre where everyone takes part in all aspects of the process of production, is a thriving and dynamic part of Gorbals life.

It may be that the reason for their membership of the company was the product of that which they decry, unemployment, but they don't forget their origins. Their finale involves each coming through their 'wall' to the sound of crashing glass while the music blasts out'

We don't need no education
We don't need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave the kids alone
All in all its just another brick in the wall
All in all you're just another brick in that wall

If you know of suitable venues for Brick — schools, community centres, youth clubs and trade union centres, contact Malcolm Knight at John Mains Community Centre, 401 Cumberland Street, The Gorbals, Glasgow (041-429-5640).

Gari Donn

MEAN STREAKS. Seen at Edinburgh Festival. Reopens at Sherman Theatre, Cardiff, Oct 30 and Nov 1; then at Bush Theatre, London, Nov 4-30 (except 10, 17 and 24).

MEAN STREAKS are what an unlikely quartet of misfits all have in common. They are determined forever to miss rather than fit, and they all reserve a special dose of hate for the person they profess to love most. It's the title of the latest work by Alan Williams (directed once again by Mike Bradwell for Hull Truck) in a long line of plays from Hull Truck about people behaving as if they were on the fringes of normalcy — in other words everything is kept decent: no murders, no rapes, no wars, only threats of a violence kept under highly flammable conditions.

They are enclosed dramas — society only eavesdrops on personal tragedies — and this one is supposed to be in a holiday chalet in Morecambe . . . in October. Norman, at thirty, is at the head of the weird family-like group, and likes to be throught of as a Jim'll Fix It type. Phoebe is his callous and excitable wife who has it in for men and has men in for it. Frank is Norman's young brother . . . and he is a little backward. Lawrence is his close friend — but an outcast himself for being the archetypal four-eyed weedy drip.

Lawrence and Frank are there to be baited by the other two when things start going wrong — or so the latter choose to think. It turns out that when they reach the limits of tolerance every one of them is able to react positively in a conscious rebellious way — but it's a power which needs to be used more cautiously than any of them knows how. You can't help being yourself, so life is a choice between accepting or rejecting the view other people have of you: passivity means that you become something society sweeps under the carpet, especially if you lack money, brains or passion.

Sometimes the treatment of unusual ideas degenerates into cheap comedy, but the suggestion that Norman — a petty crook selling broken Japanese radios to old ladies — is a hard-line Tory is perfectly credible. And when Phoebe confesses 'The only time I ever feel happy nowadays is in Marks & Spencer; when I die I want to be buried under the food counter' the underlying truth of it is closer to the tragic than the comic.

And yet in all fairness there is a truly charged sequence when the delirious Frank finds his childhood fantasy creatures expanding to fill his empty adult mind — and Malcolm Sherman is uncommonly volatile and in tune with the disturbed adolescent character.

Perhaps the play about freaks (compare some of the latest wheelchair dramas) is just an easy answer to the search for new subjects; but they deserve more than glib Freudianism and the offer of fantasy futures on the Costa Brava. Mercifully, among all the attempts seen so far, Mean Streaks comes nearest yet to unveiling the complex interface of materialism and violence when society cruelly chooses its casualties.

David Roper

BLACK LEAR by Barrie Keeffe. Crucible Theatre, Sheffield. (For other venues see listings under 'Temba'.)

I WENT to see Black Lear filled with expectations of Keeffe as a writer concerned with the problems of blacks and working class people, and Temba as one of the few black theatre groups around. I, and several other people, including two black women, were sadly disappointed.

Keeffe's aim was to explore the problems and prejudices that black immigrants face in a white dominated country. He attempted to show the attitude of different generations of black immigrants towards these problems, using the plot of King Lear as a framework. It is clear that Keeffe put form before content and that his main aim was to give a clever modern interpretation of the original King Lear within the traditional dramatic conventions which performing in established theatre requires. He could have explored these questions more easily if he had chosen an original framework rather than an attempt at classical parody.

Certain substitutes for original characters would be worth mentioned. Mr King, a retired engine driver, replaces Lear. Susan, an NHS nurse, replaces Cordelia, and Goneril and Regan are rolled into the character of Linda. The other characters in the original merge into the Glaswegian and Linda's boyfriend, i.e. the 'good' ones into the Glaswegian and the bad into the boyfriend.

King comes across as a man full of deference towards the capitalist system, even though it has exploited him and subjected him to prejudices throughout his life in Britain. He believes he owes the system his small measure of success. For no apparent reason, he decides to divide his house between his two duaghters and return to Jamaica.

We suddenly learn the differences between Susan Linda. Susan, when asked to toast England by her father, refuses, and goes into a long irrelevant monologue in which she denounces the system because of her experiences in the National Health Service under the Thatcher government. Keeffe seems to have injected irrelevant comments about the present government into the play and some people, including myself, were angered by what appeared to be a cashing-in on the suffering under Thatcher.

Later in the play, Linda and her black capitalist boyfriend express their attitude to the system. They, like King, have decided to play the 'white man's game' because they believe if you have money it does not matter what colour skin you have. All of the characters' attitudes are stated, they are never explained, and the system that shaped those attitudes is always in the background, it is never shown working.

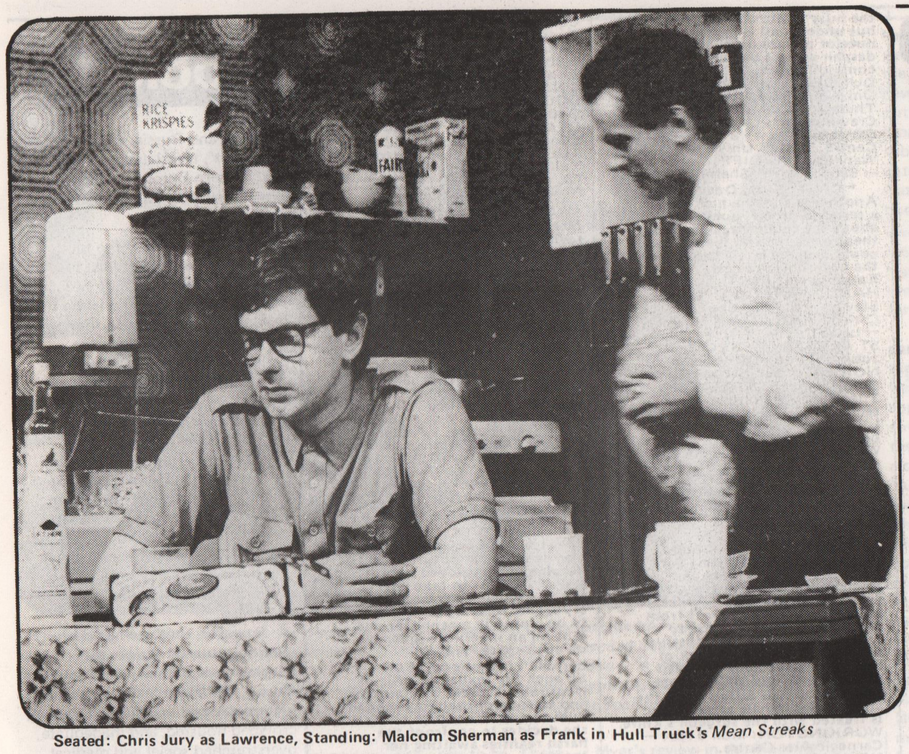
All the play succeeds in doing is making a series of clever, losely linked comparisons with the original plot which do little to explain the problems of black people in Britain today and do nothing to further racial understanding and harmony, and there is no conclusion or sense to be made of the events when the play closes.

The whole play is a hotch-potch of bad politics. Certain remarks made by King's Glaswegian friend about homosexuality and women are offensive (deliberate or not) and Linda's boyfriend is not criticised for his evident black racialism. The play, like Temba's last production, 'Prejudice', is dangerous to racial understanding and harmony. Had there been a less passive, non middle-class audience, the play would never have got past the first scene. But those of us who were angered were in a minority and besides, this kind of theatre reeks of testriction. All we could have done was leave in protest. Some of us did.

It appears that Keeffe is appealing to the liberal consciences of a previously aimed at, middle class audience. The message, deliberate or otherwise, is proffered a rather crude black nationalism that shows a lack of determination of solving them. Keeffe should think about what he is trying to say before writing such dangerous material and should find a form that best and clearly explains the point he is trying to make, instead of finding political issues to pad out a story and give it political flavour.

As for Temba, they should re-examine their commissioning policies. They have now performed plays by two white writers, both of which are damaging to racial understanding. If they sincerely wish to be a credible group which deals with racial issues, in the hope of leading to better racial understanding (which I believe they do) then they ought to vet each script they commission with extreme caution before proceeding to put them into production.

Martin Scott



Seated: Chris Jury as Lawrence, Standing: Malcom Sherman as Frank in Hull Truck's *Mean Streaks*

FAMILY ALBUM by Bryony Lavery at Croydon Warehouse. (For other venues see listings under 'les Oeufs Malades'.)

AMANDA FISK'S atmospheric skeletal picture-frame set, featuring the bold uninhibited colouring and seductive romanticism of a child's picture book, together with the melodic uncomplicated naivity of 'Catch a Falling Star' and 'Dream, Dream, Dream' usher us gently into the picture book world of childhood in 1959. But we glimpse the brown, dowdy ogre of 'respectability' and responsibility' round the corner, and are rudely awakened from our sentimental reverie by snapshots of reality in twenty years' time.

Bryony Lavery's new play, which she directs herself, employs the technique popularized by TV's Blue Remembered Hills (but familiar to Theatre in) Education and the Fringe for some time) of having adults playing children for the first act of this engrossing play. In the second act we see them as they are today. There is always a temptation in this mode to play for cheap laughs, but this was only occasionally in evidence here — a 'doctors & nurses' sketch, though justified in the second act, was predictable and therefore unfunny.

That said, the acutely observed mannerisms and speech pattern patterns of the children (nicely contrasted with the adults playing adults-playing-children in scenes of the second act) makes for that comedy of recognition which not only provokes much mirth, but also makes us aware of the conditioning the children are undergoing.

The children, despite their conditioning, decide to escape from what they consider to be the repressive regime of mother — the first act closes with them making their break for freedom, leaving Valerie to talk to her only companion — an imaginary friend.

The key point of the drama is the children's escape at the end of the first act, and Simon's admission of the failure of the 'first children's commune' and 'unconditional surrender' to the car/chequebook society at the opening of the second.

Keith Lancing

Theatre listings

ALMOST FREE THEATRE: Power Plays: Inter-Action's Almost Free Theatre examines the issue of nuclear power in a dramatic and informative way in two one-act plays. 'Nuclear Prospects' considers the breadth and intensity of the security arrangements implicit in a nuclear state by involving the audience in a political thriller. 'Lies in Your Hands' deals with the problems of highly radio-active nuclear waste in a dramatic way, examining the remarkable parallels between this type of accident and the last disturbing accident with waste material from an energy source — Aberfan.
WORKINGTON (Cumbria): Wed 29 Oct — Carnegie Theatre. CARLISLE: Thursday 30 Oct — Stanwix Theatre MANCHESTER: Fri 31 Oct — Manchester University. LANCASTER: Sat 1 Nov — Duke's Threate. LEEDS: Tues 4 Nov — Leeds University. SHEFFIELD: Wed 5 Nov — Sheffield Polytechnic. BRADFORD: Sat 8 Nov — Bradford University. WORCESTER: Sun 9 Nov — Worcester Arts Workshop. STOKE: Mon 10 Nov — North Stafford Polytechnic. Tues 11 Nov — North Stafford Polytechnic, second campus.

AVON TOURING COMPANY The Good Woman of Setzuan by Bertold Brecht; and, Brittle Glory by Vince Foxall, which is loosely based on Shakespeare's Richard II, links the struggle for the crown with a continued saga of successive governments.
LEEDS: Wed 29 Oct — Trinity & All Saints College, Horsforth. (Good Woman). PONTEFRACT: Thurs 30 Oct — Nelson Room, Town Hall. (Brittle Glory). INGLEBOROUGH: Fir 31 Oct — Ingleborough Community Centre (Good Woman). STREET: Mon 3 Nov — Strode Theatre. (Good Woman). CHEDDAR: Tues 4 Nov, 1.30pm — Kings of Wessex School (Good Woman). EXMOUTH: Thurs 6 Nov — Rolle College (Brittle Glory). EXETER: Fri 7 Nov 1.45 & 7.30pm — Exeter College (Good Woman). NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: Wed 12 Nov + Thurs 13 Nov — Gulbenkian Studio (Good Woman) 14-15 (Brittle Glory).

BROADSIDE MOBILE THEATRE: The Cut Price Welfare State Show' one hour show looking at the history of, and present crisis in the National Health Service. This play is the first part of a longer show about the Welfare State, coming in the New Year.
LONDON: Sat 1 Nov, 2.00pm Southwark Cuts Campaign, Elephant Theatre, Rotary St, Polytechnic of the South Bank Students Union. 7.30pm — Trade Union Community Centre, Brabant Road, Wood Green, N22. Tues 4 Nov — Kingston Campaign Against the Cuts, Surbiton Assembly Rooms, Maple Road.Thurs 6 Nov — North London Medical Branch, ASTMS, National Institute for Biological Standards, Holly Hill, Hampstead.

CLIFF HANGER THEATRE COMPANY: Dig for Victory: a two-hour extravaganza, packed with ten original songs and enough plots for the average audience to have one each, and telling the story of the Second World War as experienced by the Whitecliff family in Hove. War, like life and the show, must go on.
NONNINGTON: Fri 31 Nov — Nonnington College, Nonnington, Nr Canterbury. BROADSTAIRS: Sat 1 Nov — Hilderstone, Broadstairs CAST*

FOCO NOVO: Please Shine Down on Me, by Olwen Wymark: an orthodox ~~comedy about marital~~ infidelity goes into unexpected overdrive and becomes a kind of psycho-thriller. A middle-aged couple flailing about in the coils of their marriage take over and are taken over by a deranged old lady, a mystical hermit, an unscrutable Irishman, an intense American commerical Guru, a baby and a gang of fanatics. Sudden brutality erupts through the busy confusion of the play but under it all is the constant ~~note of private tiredness and~~ despair and a longing for a safe, containing love.
DUNDEE: Wed 29 Oct — Dundee University ST ANDREWS: Thurs 30 & Sat 1 Nov — Crawford Arts Centre. COVENTRY: 4 - 8 Nov — Arts Centre, Studio, University of Warwick. CARDIFF: Tues 11 — Sat 15 Nov — Sherman Studio.

*** CAST: From One Strike to Another is a play which poses a series of crucial questions about the role of trade unions, theatre groups and the law, and could become a test case under the government's new Employment Act.**
HARLOW: Wed 29 Oct, St Stevens Hall, Maddox Rd. CAMBRIDGE: Thurs 30 Oct — Labour Hall, Norfolk St. ST ALBANS: Fri 31 Oct — Jubilee Centre, Catherine St. NORWICH: Sat 1 Nov — Labour Club, Bethel St. PRESTON: Tues 4 Nov — Preston Polytechnic ASHTON UNDER LYNE: Wed 5 Nov — Greyhound Pub, Burlington St., WARRINGTON: Thurs 6 Nov ECCLES: Fri 7 Nov MANCHESTER: Sat 8 ST HELENS: Tues 11 Nov — East Sutton Labour Club. LIVERPOOL: Wed 12 Nov — Christs College, Wollton Rd.

GAY SWEATSHOP: Blood Green by Angela Stewart-Park and Noel Greig is set in an England that might yet exist; where Genetic Engineering is no longer a spin-off from the medical research world, but is itself a growth industry; where control over the sex of children has become the basis of the militarised state; where sexuality which differs from the strict Male/Female stereotypes is treated with the surgeon's knife.
WORKINGTON: Mon 3 Nov — Carnegie Arts Centre. NEWCASTLE: Wed 5 — Sat 8 Nov — Gulbenkian Arts Centre. STIRLING: Mon 10 — Tues 11 Nov — MacRobert Arts Centre.

LES OEUFS MALADES: The Family Album by Bryony Lavery.
TAUNTON: Fri 31 Oct + Sat 1 Nov — Brewhouse Theatre (0823 74608) LEEDS: Tues 4 Nov — Leeds Polytechnic NEWCASTLE: Wed 5 Nov — Newcastle Polytechnic WHITEHAVEN: Thurs 6 — Fri 7 Nov — Rosehill Theatre (0946 2422) BENBIGH: Sat 8 Nov — Theatr Twno'r Nant.

NEW YORK LABOR THEATRE: Jack London, the Man from Eden's Grove.
EDINBURGH: Tues 29 — Sat 1 Nov — Traverse Theatre. LONDON: Tues 4 - Sat 8 Nov — Action Space, 16 Chenies St.

NORTH WEST SPANNER: I a Mongrel: an auto-biographical one man show by Ernie Dalton, tracing the atavistic attitudes that have persisted in his own life through the shaping influence of working class oral history.
ASHTON UNDER LYME — Fri 7 Nov, 8.00pm — Dog & Partridge .

OXFORD PLAYHOUSE COMPANY: Mephisto: the British premiere of Ariane Mnouchkine's play. An authentic inside view of the impact of politics on the world of German theatre and literature, written by Klaus Mann, son of Thomas Mann in 1936, and adapted last year by the world renowned French Company, Theatre du Soleil.
OXFORD: Fri 31 Oct — Tues 11 Nov — Oxford Playhouse.

PAINES PLOUGH: Rise of the Old Cloud by Mike Dorell.
LONDON: Tues 21 Oct — Sat 8 Nov — Tricycle Theatre, 269 Kilburn High Road, NW6 & JR (01 328 8626). CUMBERNAULD: Thurs 13 — Sat 15 Nov — The Cottage Theatre.

RED LADDER THEATRE COMPANY: Ladders to the Moon, based on the 1893 Featherstone Disturbance, when soldiers opened fire on an unarmed crowd of picketing miners and their families. The presentation includes onventions and devices from pantomime and fairground as well as music and songs.
LEEDS: Sat 1 Nov — Woodhouse Community Centre. DEWSBURY: Tues 4 Nov — Dewsbury Town Hall. BRADFORD: Wed 5 Nov, 1.30pm Westbrook Hall, Bradford College. SHEFFIELD: Thurs 6 Nov — Hyde Park Social Centre. DODWORTH: Fri 7 Nov — Dodworth Miners Welfare. GLASGOW: Mon 10 Nov — Cumbernauld Technical College TULLIBODY: Tues 11 Nov — Tullibody Working Mens Club, Nr, Alloa. ARBROTH: Wed 12 Nov — Victoria Social Club.

SHARED EXPERIENCE: Merchant of Venice. (To be reviewed in the next issue)
SHEFFIELD: Wed 22 Oct — Sat 15 Oct (except Sundays) — Crucible Theatre.

TEMBA THEATRE COMPANY: Black Lear by Barrie Keeffe.
BIRMINGHAM: Thurs 30 Oct — Sat 1 Nov — Midlands Arts Centre, Cannot Hill Park. FARNHAM: Mon 3 Nov — Redgrave Theatre, Brightwells LIVERPOOL: Fri 7 Nov — Bronte Youth Club, Trowbridge St. Sat 8 Nov — Merseyside Caribbean Centre, 1 Amberley St. CHELTENHAM: 10 Nov — College of St Paul & St Mary (Shaftesbury Hall). READING: Wed 12 Nov — Bulmershe College of Education, Woodlands Ave., Earley.

WAKEFIELD TRICYCLE: Space Ache: Snoo Wilson's new play is set in the future. The heroine, an employed school leaver, chooses to take part in an unreliable government cryogenic freezing programme, to be stored in a cannister and sent on an indefinite journey through space. The heroine's journey takes her through the sexual delights of Neptunian arcades of mouthies and to surgeons selling limbs to millionaires. On return to earth she decides to confront the harsh realities awaiting her there.
NORWICH: Wed 29 — Thurs 30 Oct — Premises. HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Fri Oct 31 — Sat 1 Nov — The Old Town Hall Arts Centre. ALDERSHOT: Thurs 6 Nov — West End Centre. BRACKNELL: Fri 7 — Sat 8 Nov — South Hill Park. LONDON : 11 Nov — 13 Dec: Tricycle theatre.

Alternative Communities Movement



Take your future into your own hands — join a community or learn about this highly viable alternative to bedsits and the nuclear family. Write for further information enclosing an s.a.e. to the Alternative Communities Movement (MH3), 18 Garth Road, Bangor, North Wales.

Books

'Woman and Russia. First Feminist Samizdat', translated by Women and Eastern Europe Group. Sheba Feminist Publishers £1.95. Pb.

Woman and Russia is the first issue of a Russian feminist magazine — if the KGB has its way, it'll be the only issue — and is the first sign of feminism among the Russian dissident movement.

It was produced as a 'samizdat' (self-published journal) and circulated mainly in Leningrad, and was smuggled out to Paris early this year.

Because of the harsh censorship, the women who contributed seem pretty much isolated from western feminism. And as intellectuals they are isolated from the mass of working-class and rural peasant women: they are, at least, culturally and educationally privileged.

However, they are not particularly insulated against the constrictions of everyday life in Russia: commodity shortages, high prices and low wages, overcrowded housing, and inadequate, overstretched social and medical services. And these are problems which immediately affect most women in Russia, because it's still women who have the main responsibility for housework — who have to budget on low wages, queue for scarce commodities etc.

These problems are reflected in the samizdat; as well as the horrific experience of childbirth in the Russian health system:

'Ten trestlebeds, on which the unfortunate victims of patriarchy writhe. Bloody sheets. Eyes huge from pain. Bitten lips (they prudently cut your nails on admission). Soaking wet night gowns. Dishevelled hair.

"Why do we all have to be together?"

"There are so many of you."

"But we are human beings!"

"Forget the philosophy. Lie down and get on with it."' (p. 48 — R. Batalova, 'Human Birth')

And abortions, though legal, are brutal:

'Abortions are carried out on two, even on six women simultaneously in the same theatre. The tables are placed so that a woman can see everything that goes on opposite her: the face distorted in pain, the bloody mass extracted from the womb.' (p. 56 — V. Golubeva, 'The Other Side of the Medal')

The samizdat makes it clear how the social and economic restrictions particularly affect women: it almost gives the impression that these problems don't affect men at all, but most of the authors seem really to be groping to express the fact that they *are* oppressed as women.

The women who wrote the magazine by no means speak with one voice. And for a western feminist there are some strange moments: like the complaints of the 'feminisation' of men, or the satisfaction with Thatcher's election.

But the courage of all these women can't be doubted. Yuliya Vosnesenska already had experience of exile to Siberia — for circulating her own poetry — and then imprisonment for having returned illegally to Leningrad. The samizdat contains her description of the brutal treatment of women in the Russian penal system.

Maybe Russia can't teach the west a lot about prison brutality (ask them in Armagh and the H-Blocks), but feminist intellectuals here don't usually have to contemplate it.

Janet Vaux



Conchita Navarro

"Underlying the Benn enigma is the simple fact that, unlike most politicians, he has with age and experience moved increasingly towards the left, towards a vision of an extended democracy based on popular consensus." A representative quote from Robert Jenkins' *Tony Benn — A Political Biography* (Readers and Writers £6.95), an affectionate and easily read biography. Picture, by Conchita Navarro, shows Citizen Benn, signing copies of his Penguin best-seller *Arguments for Socialism*.

Splitting Up — Single Parent Liberation, Catherine Itzin. Virago £2.50.

SPLITTING UP is a campaigning book on a political issue. The institutions of marriage and the nuclear family are integral parts of patriarchal oppression. Cathy Itzin says she was a socialist for years before she really became politicised through divorce and single parenthood. That was when she realised how thoroughly she had been oppressed and how few socialist words there were to describe what she was feeling and what she'd been through. She used to really believe that being a socialist automatically meant being a feminist too. Now she knows better.

She felt pain and she felt anger. Anger at the way she'd been hoodwinked about ways of living — how few choices she'd been offered — how being married had seemed the only way to be. There were lots of people living the same way, but she hadn't seen them before. Why not? Because single parents are unidentified ignored, unaided group, without any kind of positive status.

The National Council for One Parent Families has announced that the number of single parent families in Britain has risen to one in eight. In parts of London it is nearly one in three. It is six years since the Finer Report was published, with two hundred and thirty recommendations for reforms which would help single parents. Little help has been forthcoming. Help for single parent families would undermine the nuclear family — it would have a liberating effect.

The title Single Parent Liberation is well chosen. The book presents twelve personal stories of marriage and splitting up and in every case the person found that her/his experience had led to a fuller, more interesting, happier life. For some of them, it was the first time they'd looked at the world.

"Some people regard my situation as a disaster, but I don't. It's opened my eyes to a new way of life."

"That was when I started to grow up and be a proper human being, without actually sucking someone dry."

". . . so it's just started to look a bit better now. I don't think I'd ruin it by getting married. I don't know what that piece of paper means but I know I don't want it."

The message is clear and Cathy says that several people have felt threatened by it. Nell Myer's review in the *Morning Star* was edited so that splitting up shouldn't be described as 'exhilarating'. The editor felt, apparently, that the problems faced by such people and their children should not be glossed over. Several of the interviewees thought their children were more secure and independent than ever before.

Anyway, to read these people people's honest accounts of their experiences was exhilarating for me. I particularly valued the ways they used to describe the texture of their lives. Housing, jobs, sex, holidays, the children — the patterns kept repeating. I was thinking all the time I was reading of people who would find something in it for them — and that was just about everyone I knew.

But I hope they'll skip the postscripts, which I think were a serious mistake — the people's own words are so much more powerful than these bland, social-worker type comments on their cases which weaken rather than clarify the message. Cathy wavered a bit herself, which is why they got shorter towards the end of the book.

Chris Stretch

Special Operations Europe: Scenes from the Anti-Nazi War, Basil Davidson. Victor Gollancz £8.50.

SELF-APPOINTED super-patriots of the far right, acting for themselves or for unadmitted paymasters, try to reduce the democratic upsurge of the anti-nazi war to a dubious or squalid episode, and croak their froglike voices to the tunes of a victory which, they would have us believe, was theirs . . . the truth was precisely the reverse.' This is the message of Basil Davidson's new book, somewhat off-puttingly called by the publishers 'Special Operations Europe' but sub-titled more accurately by the author 'Scenes from the Anti-Nazi War'. The intention of the book is to bring to those of us involved in anti-fascist and anti-racist struggles, a part of the history of this resistance which the right has now appropriated for itself.

Those who today blow the patriotic trumpet and claim to be the country's defenders were frequently in the forefront of appeasement with Hitler and entertained fascist sympathies themselves. Davidson, fighting alongside guerrilla partisans in Yugoslavia and Italy, saw the real combatants of fascism. These women and men, who fought under the most gruesome conditions, had plans to create organs of people's power after liberation and in Yugoslavia they succeeded in part. But in Italy, France and Greece connivance by the Allied governments prevented the implementation of these plans and the left was defeated. Nevertheless, fascism received a major set-back, many democratic freedoms were restored and many lessons learnt.

For supporters and opponents alike of Eurocommunism, this book shows why the old Stalinist practices had to be ditched by the communist parties in order to create a united anti-fascist resistance movement. The roots of Eurocommunism have to be traced back to the wartime experience and these come through clearly in the book.

Basil Davidson's writings on Africa and national liberation struggles are well-known. This humorously written, semi-autobiographical treatment of the war years branches out into new territory for the author and wi!l surely be welcomed by all.

Barry Munslow

Rosa Luxemburg — Tony Cliff Bookmarks. £1.95 pb.

TONY CLIFF's reprinted book on the often-neglected Rosa Luxemburg provides a clear and concise introduction to her work for the social scientist or the well-informed reader. But without a knowledge of basic economics or political sociology the book could be difficult to follow. He does succeed in showing the very important contribution she made to socialist ideas and theory. It is a pity, therefore, that this generally lucid appraisal is too often marred by trite and rather cliched comments such as '....and we who live in the shadow of the H-bomb....', contrasting unhappily with Luxemburg's own clear and eloquent prose.

P N S

BACK PAGES

Free national listings service. Let us have booklets, pamphlets for mention or review, posters and campaign literature, as well as advance notice of talks, meetings, conferences, films, gigs, theatre or any other events you want publicised.

Publications

Because it's six weeks since the last Leveller *appeared, we've received a large number of publications. This time, they're listed alphabetically, with a short description. Regular fortnightly Back Pages will carry longer pamphlet reviews.*



● A Woman's Choice
The case for free, safe, legal abortion in Northern Ireland. First of a series produced and printed by Women in Media. 50 pages, 40p from Box WIM, Just Books, 7 Winetavern Street, Belfast. (0232) 25426.

● Back Street Factory
A critical account of labour practices at Spiralynx, Canning Town, East London which raises serious doubts about Tory 'enterprise zones' in derelict urban areas. 34 pages, £1.25 from CDPPEC, Brookside, Seaton Burn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne NE13 6EY.

● Capitalist Crisis
Tribune's 'Alternative Strategy' or Socialist Plan, by Andrew Glyn. A *Militant* Pamphlet, taking a hard look at the British left's economic theories and policies. 82 pages, 40p, from World Books, 1 Mentmore Terrace, London E8 3PN.

● CHANGE Report No 2
Providence And Prostitution: Image and Reality for Women in Buddhist Thailand, by Khim Thitsa. The arrival of the cheapest American commercialism and the grossest form of capitalism in a stratified Asian society like Thailand unleashed forces previously held in traditional bounds. £1.25 from Parnell House, 25 Wilton Road, London SW1.

● Clout!
The Story Behind The Bruises. The story of battered women at Manchester and Stockport Women's Aid Refuges, in their own words, collected by Commonword Writers' Workshop. 68 pages, 50p + 16½p p&p from Commonword, 61 Bloom Street, Manchester M1 3LY.

● Community Arts Principles and Practices
A collection of papers from the 1980 Barnstaple conference on community arts, edited by South Tyneside Community Arts. 40 pages, £1.70 from STCA, The Old Clinic, Argyle Street, Hebburn, Tyne & Wear NE1 1BG (0632) 837717.

● Don't Come Looking Here
A collection of poems and stories by Birmingham writers' workshop, Women and Words, which has been meeting since last spring. 45p from Betty Hagland, 2 Myrtle Avenue, Birmingham 12.

● The Ecologist
October/November double issue, out now, argues that there are huge economic, social and ecological benefits to be gained from legalising hemp *(éannabis sativa)* and reintroducing its widespread cultivation here. Numerous expert contributors, available from bookshops or The Ecologist, 73 Molesworth Street, Wadebridge, Cornwall PL 27 7DS. (020 881) 2996/7.

● Frayed Edges No 4
Music fanzine with a political stance and a Southampton slant. Includes interview with Au Pairs, plus articles on Release, sexism, graffitti + gig list for Southampton area. 35p from 81 Bedford Place, Southampton.

● The Great Sales Robbery
A new and updated edition of the 1976 SCAT pamphlet on the sale of council housing, locating the sales within the more general picture of public sector asset stripping. 40p from SCAT, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1.

● Greenfly No 6
October 'Special Peace Issue' of Oxfordshire Ecology Newspaper contains articles on anti-nuke movement in Donegal, plus a visit to an Oxfordshire emergency bunker. 12 pages, 20p from Greenfly Press, 34 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1HZ.

● Head & Hand No 5
A socialist review of books. The Conference of Socialist Economists' answer to the *TLS, Quarto* and *New York Review of Books.* Summer 1980 issue is the latest to appear. 20 pages, 50p from Head & Hand, TUSIU, Southend, Fernwood, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2.

● Hospital Absestos Hazards
The fourth in a series of broadsheets from the Hospital Hazards Group, British Society for Social Responsibility in Science (BSSRS).

● Ireland Socialist Review
The Review is in desperate financial straits and needs your support either by donation, as support subscriber (£5 for 3 issues) or ordinary subscriber (£2 for 2 issues). All contributions to: ISR, BCM ISR, London WC1V 6XX.

● Lib Ed No 29
Libertarian Education's autumn issue is devoted to bias in books. 20 pages, 40p from:. Libertarian Education, 6 Beaconsfield Road, Leicester.

● Links No 11
Action Against Poverty And Underdevelopment is the slogan of the Third World First team's publication, devoted to Nicaragua: The Sandinistas Come To Power. 18 pages, 30p from: Third World First, 232 Cowley Road, Oxford OX4 1UH (0865) 45678.

● The Local Counter Attack
Towards a Strategy for Fighting the Tory Attack on Local Government. Eric Preston, former local government worker and executive member of Leeds NALGO, advances a strategy for building organised resistance to Tory cuts in local government. Independent Labour Publications, 26 pages, 25p from: ILP Square One Publications, 49 Top Moor Side, Leeds LS11 9LW (0532) 30613.

● Nuclear Weapons = Energy
SERA's (Socialist Environment and Resources Association) short pamphlet shows how a nuclear power programme and the development of nuclear weapons go hand in hand + another canny Peter Kennard montage. Free to individuals, £4.00 per hundred to organisations from: SERA, 9 Poland Street, London W1 (01) 439 3749.



INVISIBLE UNEMPLOYMENT

Sponsored by the GMWU. Single copies 15p + postage; discounts for bulk orders. From Trade Union Book Service, 265 Seven Sisters Road, London N4 or BSSRS, 9 Poland Street, London W1 (01) 437 2728.

● Integration Never!
East Timor's Struggle Against Indonesian Aggression. The latest publication of the British Campaign for a Independent East Timor summarises the causes and results of Indonesia's brutal intervention in East Timor. 22 pages from BCIET, 40 Concanon Road, London SW2 (01) 274 9308/5945.

● In the Making No 7 (Supplement 1980-1)
In The Making have produced a supplement to their No 7 directory of co-operative projects. 30p from ITM, 44 Albion Road, Sutton, Surrey.

● Iraq Solidarity Voice No 5
September issue of the Committee Against Repression & For Democratic Rights in Iraq (CARDRI) bulletin contains full information on campaigning and background to the present war situation in the Middle East. 15p from CARDRI, PO Box 210, London N16 5PL.

● One Parent Families 1980
Britain's 920,000 one-parent families have been put firmly at the back of the queue for the nation's resources, according to the annual report of the National Council for One Parent Families, which holds its conference and AGM this week. Copies of the report £1.25 from: 255 Kentish Town Road, London NW5 2LX (01) 267 1361.

● Poison In Our Hills
Scottish Campaign to Resist the Atomic Menace (SCRAM) have published a full transcript of the Mullwharchar Inquiry earlier this year into proposed nuclear waste testboring in Ayrshire. £1.75 from: SCRAM, 2A Ainslie Place, Edinburgh 3 (031) 225 7752.

● Poverty for (Near) Beginners
Cartoonist Navvy Brick's graphic version of the massive Child Poverty Action Group study *Poverty In The United Kingdom* by Professor Peter Townsend. 28 pages, 35p + postage from: Mushroom, 10 Heathcote Street, Nottingham NG1 3AA.

● Resister
September/October issue of the Committee on South African War Resistance bulletin, with stories from within and beyond the apartheid *laager.* 24 pages, 20p from COSAWR (UK) BM Box 2190, London WC1V 6XX.

● Socialism Tomorrow
Fresh Thinking for the Labour Party from Mark Goyder, published as Young Fabian Pamphlet 49. 34 pages, 90p from: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1H 9BN.

● State Research Bulletin No 20
The October/November bulletin contains articles on policing in the USA, NATO exercises, a new Met police study, MI5 spying on a trade unionist, Cruise missile bases in UK, new British army anti-riot vehicle. 32 pages, 75p from: State Research, 9 Poland Street, London W1.

● Students Against Nuclear Energy Newsletter
SANE October newsletter carries information on a national conference, the weapons connnection and a national speaking tour. From: SANE, 9 Poland Street, London W1 (01) 251 4978.

● There *Is* An Alternative
Policies for Prosperity in the '80s; members of the Labour Co-ordinating Committee's latest thoughts on economics. 26 pages, 40p from: LCC, 9 Poland Street, London W1.

● The Two Wage Worker
Roger Carroll, money editor of *The Sun,* has written this Fabian Tract No 470, subtitled Common Ownership and Economic Democracy. 16 pages, 75p from: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London SW1H 9BN.

● We Don't Work For Pin Money!
Women's Fightback leaflet on the theme it's a woman's right to have a job. With 632,000 women officially registered as unemployed and an estimated 400,000 unregistered, there's the makings of a strong campaign around WF's five basic demands. From: Labour Movement Fightback For Women's Rights, 41 Ellington Street, London N7.

● Welsh Women's Aid Annual Report 1979-80
The bilingual Report gives a full account of the progress WWA have made in the past year and the battles still to be fought. It also gives a complete contact list of local refuges throughout Wales. From: Welsh Women's Aid, 2 Coburn Street, Cardiff (0222) 388291.

● Wigs and Workers
The Haldane Society of Socialist Lawyers offers this inside history of its 50 years of campaigning and pressure in the none-too-promising environment of the British legal world. £1.50 from The Secretary, Haldane Society, 14 Parkfield Road, London NW10.

● Wolverhampton Community Press
No 2 of the Midlands-based local alternative paper now out, priced 10p for 12 lively pages. Open meetings are held on Mondays at 7.30pm and the paper urgently needs help of every possible kind. Contact: 28 Harrow Street, Wolverhampton (0902) 23802.

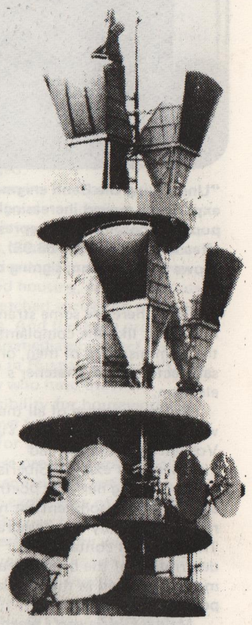
● Women And Education No 20
A special issue on sexism in education and related topics, with bibliography and other useful additional information. 36 pages, 35p from: Women And Education Newsletter Group, 14 St Brendan's Road, Withington, Manchester 14.

● Women's Fightback
Monthly paper of the Labour Movement Fightback For Women's Rights. 5p from: Fightback For Women's Rights, address above.

● Women's Own
London's Institute of Contemporary Arts has produced this excellent catalogue of independent films made by women. At only 35p, essential for anyone thinking of organising a film festival. From: ICA, The Mall, London SW1 (01) 930 3647.

Exhibitions

● No Nuclear Weapons
Part One of an exhibition on The Nuclear State, by Mike Abrahams, Peter Kennard, Ric Sissons. Until November 28 at Half Moon Photography Workshop, 121 Roman Road, London E2, (01) 980 8798. Open Tuesday-Friday 12.00-6.00pm, admission free.



● Regarding The State
One-man show by artist Tony Rickaby, consisting of paintings, drawings and collages which use London's buildings (like MI5 and MI6, Army HQs, police and judicial bureaucracy, phone-tapping, bugging and letter-opening centres) to explore the city's hidden ideology. Until November 8, at Pentonville Gallery, 46 Amwell Street, London EC1 (01) 837 9826.

● Hard Lines: Hardliners
Artworks by Peter Ford, until November 1 at Derwent College, University of York (0904) 59861.

Announcements

● Scottish Gay Activists is a separate organization from the Scottish Homosexual Rights Group, existing as a support group for lesbians and gay men in Scotland. The group also hopes to publicise and fight specific instances of gay oppression. Further action will be planned at their next conference in Aberdeen. For more information, contact: SGAA, First of May Bookshop, Box 15, 43 Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh EH1 2QB (031) 225 7337.

● The London Committee for the Federated Union of Black Artists, Newtown, Johannesburg, is currently engaged in collecting work from artists and photographers (b/w prints, books of photography, photographic manuals) to form a collection for the benefit of people working at FUBA. All material should be sent to FUBA Appeal, c/o Michael Scott, Pitt & Scott Shippers, 20 Eden Grove, London N7.

PAGES



Events

Wednesday October 29
● EDINBURGH
First Of May Edinburgh Books Collective, Special Meeting of collective members and supporters to discuss financial future of collective, especially following negotiation of new lease. 7.30 pm, Shop Upstairs, 43 Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh 1 (031) 225 2612

Thursday October 30
● GLASGOW
Glasgow El Salvador Campaign, public rally with militant from El Salvador film show. 7.30 pm, McClellan Galleries, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow.

● Permanent Peoples' Tribunal.
Session on The Philippines. The Filipino People vs The Marcos Regime, University of Antwerp, Belgium. october 30-November 3. Individuals, delegates or representatives welcome. The Tribunal will be a forum for the Filipino and the Bangsa Moro people with witnesses giving evidence on daily experiences of repression, exploitation and militarisation in the Philippines. Full details and extra information on accommodation: Filipino People's Commitee For The Permanent Peoples' Tribunal, St Andriesplaats 20-21, 2000 Antwerp, Belgium (031) 32-01-90.



● LONDON
Film, *Germany in Autumn,* by 12 joint directors, including Schlöndorff and Fassbinder, examining events like the kidnapping of Hans Martin Schleyer and the deaths of RAF members in Stammheim Prison, Stuttgart. 3.00 pm, 7.00 pm Electric Cinema, Portobello Road, London W11.
East London Jazz Society/ Theatre Royal, Stratford present Jeff Daly/-John Bennett, with the Lionel Grigson Trio. 8.00 - 12.00, late bar. Earl of Aberdeen, Roman Road, London E3. Tickets £1.75 (£1.25 members) from Theatre Royal Box Office, (01) 534 0310 or East End Jazz Club.



● LONDON
West London CND are planning to march to the local private fall-out shelter where 56 people will pay £1800 each for ten square feet and the privilege of being incinerated in comfort. Assemble Chiswick Town Hall, London W4, 11.00 am. Details: Dave Bays (01) 995 5727.

● MANCHESTER
Lancashire-Yorkshire Anti-Sexist Men's Conference 10.00-5.30 pm. Slade Lane Neighbourhood Centre, 642 Stockport Road, Manchester 13. Students Against Nuclear Energy (SANE) are holding a 2-Day national conference with educational workshops, Manchester University. Details: Jos Gallacher, 8 Broom Avenue, Levenshulme, Manchester 19 or SANE (01) 251 4978.

Sunday November 2
● LIVERPOOL
Our Intelligence Services: The Facts And The Implications.' Kennedy Lindsay (author of *The British Intelligence Services In Action*) talks on the intelligence services in action in Northern Ireland and elsewhere. 8.00 pm Liberty Hall, Everyman Bistro, Hope Street, Liverpool. 40p (25p members). Details: (051) 708 7270 (daytime)

● MANCHESTER
SANE Conference continues (See November 1 listing)

Monday November 3
● BIRMINGHAM
'The Spanish Revolution'. Third in a series of talks/ discussions on international class struggles past and present and the lessons to be drawn from them. 7.30 pm SWP Bookshop, 224 High Street, Digbeth. Details: (021) 634 5717)
● LONDON
As part of a series of classic Soviet films of the '30s, Pudovkin's *Mother* and *Storm Over Asia.* Electric Cinema, Portobello Road, London W11.

Tuesday November 4
● BIRMINGHAM
Film *Taking a Part* (Dir: Jan Worth) on prostitution and the boyeuristic way it is usually treated in film. 7.30 pm, Tindall Street, Community Rooms, Balsall Heath. The director will be present and the film *Women Of The Rhondda* will also be shown. These films are part of a film study course, but are open to everybody. Details: Roger Shannon (021) 359 4192.
● LONDON
'Defend The Holloway Four'. Picket of Highbury Corner Magistrates Court in support of anti-racists arrested for holding a street meeting. 1.30 pm. Details: 49 Railton Road, London SE 24 or phone (01) 737 3922.

Wednesday November 5
● BIRMINGHAM
Socialist Challenge Bonfire Party. Late bar, bonfire, disco, food. 7.30 pm till late. The Old Birchfield Harriers Stadium, Aldridge Road, Perry Bar (opposite Perry Bar Greyhound Track). £1.00 in advance, £1.50 on door.
● LONDON
Anti-Apartheid Movement public meeting. Speakers: Thozamile Botha leader of 1979/80 strikers by Ford South African workers at Port Elizabeth; John Gaetsewe, general secretary, South African Congress of Trade Unions; Ron Todd, Ford UK Joint Unions; Dan Connors, Ford UK shop steward. 7.30 pm, Main Hall, 'Y' Hotel, Great Russell Street, London WC1.

East London Jazz Society: Dick Pearse/Pat Crumley with Lionel Grigson (*see October 29 listing for details*)
● MANCHESTER
Men Against Sexism talk about why men should struggle against their sexism, and the role of men's groups. 7.30 pm, Gay Centre. (*See October 29 listing*)

Thursday November 6
● SHEFFIELD
Red Ladder Theatre 'Ladders To The Moon', the story of the Featherstone disturbances. 7.30 pm, Hyde Park Social Centre, Hyde Park Flats, Sheffield. 50p adults, 25p children, 20p OAPs.

Friday November 7
● GLASGOW
Reclaim The Night March and Rally. Assemble 7.30 pm, George Square, Glasgow. Details: Rape Crisis Centre, PO Box 53, Glasgow or (041) 221 8448

Saturday November 8
BIRMINGHAM
● The new collection of work by Women and Words, Birmingham writers' workshop for women, will be launched at a reading at The Old Moseley Arms, Tindal Street, Birmingham 12 at 8.00pm. The pamphlet, title *Don't Come Looking Here* will be on sale priced 30p. (*See Publications*)

Saturday November 8
● BIRMINGHAM
Third World First Dayschool: 'Food, Agriculture And Population' at Birmingham University Students' Union. For further details of cost, speakers, write: Third World First, 232 Cowley Road, Oxford. (0865) 45678
● LONDON
'Employment In The Eighties': one-day even organised by Socialist Environment & Resources Association (SERA) to develop a creative socialist response to the problems of employment and unemployment. Speakers include Audrey Wise, Hilary Wainwright, Dave Elliott, Steve Hopwood. SERA film *Work Not Waste*; exhibition 'New and Appropriate Technology', Counteract Theatre 'Never Mind The Ballots'; disco and band in the evening; £2.50 inc (£1.50 conference session only). 10.00-6.00; 8.00-10.30 pm. University of London Union, Malet Street, London WC1. Apply SERA, 9 Poland Street, London W1 (01) 439 3749
● MANCHESTER
Radiator, newly formed arts association, is promoting a season of performances in conjunction with Birch Community Centre, Brighton Grove, Rusholme, Manchester. £1.00. (Advance tickets from: North West ARts Centre, Lloyd Street; Grass Roots Bookshop, Newton Street, Eighth Day, Oxford Road, Manchester or Birch Community Centre.

Sunday November 9
● LIVERPOOL
Liberty Hall, Liverpool; film: *Soylent Green.* 8.00 pm (*See November 2 listing for full details*)

Monday November 10
● LONDON
Indian Book Fair, organised by Soma Books, Britain's most enterprising Afro-Asian bookshop, will run all week, with wide range of learning materials from and about the Third World. Bronagree Gallery, Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High Street, London W8. Books on display in English and Indian languages can be bought at the exhibition. Monday-Saturday 10.00-4.40 pm, Sunday 2.00-5.00 pm. Details: Soma Books, 38 Kennington Lane, London SE11 (01) 735 2101. Programme details 25p by post, cheques to 'Soma Bookfairs'.

Tuesday November 11
● BIRMINGHAM
Film: *Kuhle Wampe* (Or Who Does The World Belong To?), made by Bertold Brecht amongst others. Tindall Street Community Rooms, Balsall Heath. (*See November 4 listing for full details*)



Advance notice

November 21-22 Black Book Fair, St Matthews Meeting Place, Brixton Hill, London SW2. Details: Soma Books, 38 Kennington lane, London SE11 (01) 735 2101

November 22 Demonstration: 'No Nuclear Power' organised by London Region Anti-Nuclear Alliance. 12.00 noon, Wandsworth Common, London, march to Clapham Common.

November 22-23 Gay Socialist Conference 1980. 10.00-6.00 and 11.00-5.00, Caxton House, St John's Way, Archway, London N19. Details: Gay Socialists Conference, c/o 38 Chalcot Road, London NW1.

November 22 Women's Fightback Conference for women in the Labour Party. Islington Central Library, Holloway Road, London. Details and registration: Women's Fightback, 41 Ellington Street, London N7 (01) 607 9052

November 21, 22, 23 Inti Illimani, Chilean musicians, play three separate concerts with Frankie Armstrong at Leeds Town Hall, with John Williams at Dominion Theatre, London and at Sheffield City Polytechnic Students Union. Full details from Chile Solidarity Campaign, 129 Seven Sisters Road, London N7 (01) 272 4298

November 22-23 Sexual Violence Against Women Conference. Royal Park School, Queens Road, Leeds 6. Full details: Sexual Violence Conference, Nottingham Women's Centre, 32A Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

Gone Fortnightly

Here it is, the first fortnightly. There's a lot of the old *Leveller* about it, and quite a lot that's new, too. Write in and let us know what you think.

We've only got the fortnightly off the ground because of your support. By the time we've got this one off to the printers, more than £9,000 had come in as Launch Subscriptions. That was tremendous, and we're very grateful to all of you — particularly to those of you who came in very early in the summer.

The collective has expanded and changed quite radically in the last six months. The Tuesday night meetings are still open to friends and readers, of course, and we've adopted a General Statement of Aims to guide our work, plus a simple constitution. The General Statement runs like this .....

..... 'The *Leveller* is an independent magazine, produced regularly by an open and democratic collective. It sets itself the following main tasks in its journalism and political behaviour:

* To challenge capitalism, patriarchy, racism and other forms of oppression.
* To support people in struggle against patriarchy, racism, capital and state.
* To promote socialist/feminist ideas and to act as a forum for people involved in these struggles.
* To challenge bourgeois ideology.
* To encourage cooperation and comradely debate between socialists and feminists.'

The magazine will continue to be mainly financed fromsubscription income. If you sent in a launch sub on the strength of the E.P. Thompson book offer, we'll be getting the books off to you next week. If you've got friends who were wondering whether they'd subscribe, perhaps you could direct their attention to the back page.

We'd like more regional contributors to cover events in their localities for us. Write in to the office and we'll send you a list of contributors' notes. We also need reviewers for books, records, films, theatre and the visual arts. We'd like someone to coordinate our TV coverage, and more contributors on science economics and the law.

Otherwise, we're doing fine and its good to be back after the six week break. The next one will be on the bookstands November 13. Look out for it !

Leveller Collective
October 24 1980



Jeremy Nicholl

Classifieds

Rates: 6p a word. Ads must be pre-paid by cheque or PO made out to Leveller Magazine (1979) Ltd. We reserve the right to refuse any ad.

TYNESIDE. Mixed communal household, kids, seeking 2/3 people (M/F) with/without child, large house/garden. Collective living.
Contact Janet, 1st floor, 35 Pink Lane, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 1.

RAR'S GREATEST HITS. Tracks include: Clash, Aswad, Costello, Matumbi. Only £2.99 from RAR Box M, 27 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1.

STUDIO SPACE for designer/illustrator in London E.8. Share fully-equipped workshop including camera, with others working for socialist/feminist/T.U. and labour movement. Contact Artworkers 01 986 5861.

OLD Hall, East Bergholt, near Colchester has vacancies for permanent members with capital. Units available ranging from £5,000, £7,000 and £20,000. Members share in all community facilities including 56 acres of land. Tel. Colchester 298294.

RANTERS CHRISTMAS CARDS! Each has a traditional Carol restored to its pre-Christian words. 10 for £1.50 from Norman Iles, 381 Marine Rd. Morecambe, Lancs.

OUR Civil Defence T-shirts and posters tell you exactly how to cope with thermonuclear war, concluding "bend down, place your head between your knees and kiss your arse goodbye." S.M.L. £2.95; Posters 20" x 30" 75p (p&p incl).
Sleeping Partners, 100 Whitechapel, Liverpool 1, 051 708 7466.

JOBS

EXPERIENCED LITHO PRINTER wanted for N. London printing/typesetting collective. Write to Community Press, 2a St Paul's Road, London N.1., by November 24th.

INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST and feminist printing co-op needs IBM electronic composer operator. Phone: Blackrose Press: 251 3043.

FOURTH WORKER WANTED to join printing cooperative in Cambridge. Some knowledge of printing offset litho an advantage (but definitely not essential) plus commitment to the left and to radical community politics. Must be prepared to work as a full member of a co-op. Phone 0223 312800.

SHOP ORGANISER required for small shop selling crafts; books; etc. Experience in retail trade/business administration essential. Interest in development/political issues an advantage. Possibility of job sharing. Salary £4200. Project supported by War on Want. Details and application form from Shanti Third World Centre, 178 Oxford Road, Manchester M13 9QQ (061-273 5111 ext.56). Closing date: 20 November.

WANTED — The Leveller is in need of donations of equipment and furniture, chairs, tables, typewriters, rulers, pens, scrap paper. You name it, we need it. There is a free sub with every reasonable donation. Any offers to Adam at the Leveller (01 278 0146).

GLASGOW BOOKSHOP COLLECTIVE is setting up an alternative co-operative and needs cash to get things going. We would like donations and loans. If you'd like to help provide a much-needed resource in this city, contact:— Glasgow Bookshop Collective, c/o 146 Holland Street, Glasgow G2.

Send to: Leveller Classifieds, 57 Caledonian Road, London N1.

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LAND FOR THE PEOPLE

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the Leveller
needs more collective members, if you do not think you've got anything to offer, here are some ideas on what we need help with: Writing articles, Sub-editing, Layout, Design, Advertising, Subscriptions, Distribution and Accounts. The collective is open and we accept anyone who wants to come along to meetings, every Tuesday at 7.00 in the office. If you can't make that, then call at the office during the day. (01 278 0146).

WORLDWIDE SELECTION of Books in ESPERANTO, the Universal Language can now be obtained from your radical/alternative Bookshop. 10p stamp brings booklist, Esperanto Book Service, 74 Saxon Road, Hastings.

BADGES. I'd rather be a Russian than radioactive/Cut the Tories (25p each plus s.a.e.). Who Needs Cruise Missiles? (We don't)/No cruise (20p each). Plus: no return to the '30s/Don't blame me I voted Labour (30p each plus s.a.e.) from . Badges, 19 Hartley Avenue, Leeds 6. Postal orders only.

This is our Red Boxes page, which is our special rates page for groups on the left. The advertising rates are less than half those elsewhere in the magazine. They are made up of a basic box 45mm X 34mm which costs £2.50 and can be built up on, so that two boxes (90mm X 45mm) cost £5.00, three boxes (135mm X 34mm) cost £7.50 and so on, any way you want them. We prefer camera-ready artwork and the ads must be prepaid. Groups wanting to use Red Boxes should contact Adam Thompson at the *Leveller* or on 01 278 0146.